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Dedicated to Wadsworth  
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*Sophia Weston*  
1839

# A T T E M P T S

AT

## V E R S E .

“ Long have I loved what I behold,  
The night that calms, the day that cheers ;  
The common growth of mother earth  
Suffices me—her tears, her mirth,  
Her humblest mirth and tears.”

WORDSWORTH.

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TO

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, ESQ., M.A., F.R.S.  
ETC. ETC. ETC.

THIS HUMBLE OFFERING FROM A VOTARY,

TO ONE

WHO HAS BEEN SO MANY YEARS

HIGH-PRIEST OF THE TEMPLE,

IS MOST GRATEFULLY AND RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY HIS OBLIGED AND FAITHFUL FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.





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## ATTEMPTS AT VERSE.

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### ANNABELLE.

“’T is the middle of night by the castle clock,”  
And the moonlight sleeps on the flinty rock ;  
Sleepeth the moonlight on the grave,  
And the moonlight fair doth sleep in the air,  
And it sleepeth on the wave :  
Rocked to calm and silent sleep  
By the swelling wave of the sounding deep,  
As some fair child to sleep beguiled  
By the heave and the sob of the mother’s breast,  
Whose tears do flow so faint and low,  
For fear they mar her infant’s rest !  
A beauteous sight it is I deem,  
As holy as an angel’s dream,  
When the infant’s gentle sleep is o’er,  
To see it lift its innocent eye  
To the mother’s brow as clear as the sky,

While the mother loves it more and more.  
 O what the fair and lofty sky  
 Is to the pious mother's eye,  
 A consolation, and a charm  
 To shield her from all woe and harm,  
 A thing to pray to, when the fear  
 Of sorrow or of danger 's near.  
 E'en thus to the fair and guileless child  
 Is the mother's brow o'erbending mild.

\* \* \*

The lady Annabelle doth weep  
 In the silence of her sleep :  
 Asleep and, weeping piteously,  
 Many a tear bedews her eye !  
 Her arms are crossed upon her breast  
 As two fond infants at their rest,  
 Entwined together to share all harms :  
 Thus are the beauteous maiden's arms.  
 Why weepeth the lady Annabelle ?  
 Hath one so fair and good a sorrow ?  
 Perchance on the morn 't will all be well.  
 Ah, well-a-day ! 'tis sad to tell  
 But the grief of the night is the grief of the morrow.

Pale sorrow leads the soul to prayer ;  
 So in her sleep the maiden prayeth.

But what the gentle maiden sayeth  
Is mingled with the blessed air.  
And holier is the air, I deem,  
For the prayers of a virtuous damsel's dream.  
'Tis over now, and the dream is past ;—  
'Tis over now : she awakes at last.

The maiden slowly unrolled her eyes,  
And a sighful moan from her bosom broke,  
As tho' she wist, when she awoke,  
Some frightful dream had bound her soul ;  
And silently a tear 'gan roll.  
Then suddenly the lady knelt—  
And in a silence prayed full long.  
I ween, as holy thoughts 'gan melt  
Upon her fluttered heart, she felt  
As happy as a seraph's song ;  
For sorrow, anguish, fear, and woe,  
And all that wrings the heart below,  
Will fade, as fades away the mist  
When the bright-eyed Sun, in heav'n uprist,  
Looks forth in glory and in mirth  
Upon the green and dew-robed earth.  
E'en so doth Sorrow fade away,  
When on our bended knees we pray.  
The lady rose, and she felt depart  
The cloud of sorrow from her heart.

Sweet Annabelle, the maiden fair,  
Wendeth to the oak-tree wood—  
She loved to breathe the fresh-born air,  
And feel in all things God is good ;  
That he giveth to man a world so full  
Of all that is pure and beautiful :  
The green earth beneath, and the blue sky above,  
Which bends o'er the earth as tho' bending in love ;  
The green earth beneath, with her star-like flowers  
Glist'ning with the sparkling dew ;  
And then, above, the countless stars  
Blooming like flowers in the sky so blue.  
The sky it is a holy thing,  
But lovelier in the hour of night ;  
For then the glorious stars do spring  
From the blue sky, as flowers of light  
Springing in silent joy and mirth,  
To glad the eyes that gaze from earth ;  
For in the glare of the noon-day reign  
The sky is a desert azure plain :  
But when, at one impetuous stride,  
The darkness comes of eventide,  
'Tis then the glorious stars have birth,  
Springing in heaven as flowers spring on earth !

\* \* \*

Upon a gentle slope there stands  
A tree, and eke another :



They twine their topmost boughs as hands  
Proffered by loving brother—  
They twine their topmost boughs together,  
As holy friends to brave the weather.  
Fair Annabelle each morn would come  
And sit beneath these loving boughs.  
This quiet scene was never dumb,  
For on this lone and lovely spot,  
She listened to her own knight's vows.  
O could it then be e'er forgot?  
And when the even-star 'gan rise,  
Still was she at this silent spot,  
And, gazing on the deep'ning skies,  
She saw fair scenes of beauty glide  
As some fair landscape in th' unstable tide!

Steadfastly gazed fair Annabelle  
On the fields before her spread!  
"Ah, gentle scene," the maiden said,  
"Who will there be, when I am dead,  
To love thee—as I love thee—well?"  
And from the depth of her pure soul  
A tear arose and gently stole,  
Kissing her cheek as it descended;  
And, ere it kissed itself away  
Upon the cheek of Annabelle,  
A very fair and silvery ray

From the brightest star she loved so well,  
 Glid from the fluttering star and with the tear-drop  
 blended.

The maiden felt the dear starlight  
 Fall on her face so pale yet bright.  
 "Ah me!" quoth gentle Annabelle,  
 "'Tis thus I've heard the friar tell,  
 That blessed piety will cheer  
 The tearful hour of sorrow here,  
 Shedding a comfort and a light  
 In darkest gloom of the wintry night !

\*            \*            \*

I would," quoth Annabelle, "I were  
 A gentle tone that I might roam  
 A happy thing upon the air,  
 Having the blue sky for my natural home :  
 And then the heavens that hang above  
 Would compass me in arms of love,  
 Looking on me with piteous eye—  
 With piteous eye of fondest love.  
 And tho' the stars are above our reach,  
 Like luminous words of Deity  
 They speak to us, and thus they teach :—  
 Do they not tell, when the world's proud eye,  
 Flasheth the blaze of prosperity,  
 That the stars of our life, which our Virtues are,

Glimmer unseen—unheeded—afar.  
But when the sun of joy has gone,  
And we feel as tho' it never had shone,  
Then rush out the Virtues, a starry host.  
O if the sun had always shone,  
It would in the sky have been bright alone,  
And the light-flashing stars had all been lost.

\* \* \*

Ah me ! I would that I were laid  
At rest beneath the yew-tree shade.  
I do not wish a tear should flow  
When I am laid in silence low.  
I would not mar one smile of mirth,  
When I am shrouded in the earth ;  
For I have lived uncared-for here,  
And would not to the living owe  
A single sigh or sorrowing tear,  
Tho' on my grave that tear should flow.  
The soft blue sky will look as clear  
As when I strayed beneath it here ;  
The merry bells of Langdale proud  
Will sing as merrily and loud ;  
The gladsome birds as blithely sing,  
As when I roamed, a living thing,  
And listened to their carolling.  
Oh ! when the heart is sad with care,  
Go 'mong the rocks and woods and streams,

Go, as a breeze of vernal air,  
And wander as the soul in dreams.  
Liveth there one who hath not felt  
While gazing on a lovely scene,  
The quiet landscape softly melt,  
Into her heart till it hath been,  
As calm as the still sky—as beauteous—as serene?  
But if these scenes no comfort yield,  
Then mortal aid is vain to save.  
Go, seek some lone and silent field,  
And make that silent spot thy pillow and thy grave!”

## SONNET

ON A BUTTERFLY SAVED FROM DEATH BY  
THE AUTHOR.

Go forth and feel the sky, thou golden thing !  
I give thee to the balmy air again,  
And tho' rude hands have dimmed thy gorgeous wing,  
O soon wilt thou repair the fading stain.  
A voice within doth tell me not in vain  
I wandered forth the fresh-skyed morn to greet.  
There must have been a spirit in my feet  
Which led me up this else unlovely lane.  
Go, sunny thing, I feel that I am bound,  
By some strong bond invisible to sight,  
To all that creeps upon the lowly ground,  
To all that wanders in the fields of light :  
And tho' their souls may perish 'neath the sod,  
Birds, Insects, Beasts and Men, have we not all One  
God ?

## SONNET.

Washington Irving, in his *Life of Columbus*, relates, that long ere the mighty continent of America was visible to the eyes of the adventurous chief, its existence was developed by the exquisite odours borne on the morning breeze sent by the Spiritual Power of the universe from the spice-groves and flower-meads of the new world, as a message of Hope and Glory. Even so, to the Christian, is the existence of the eternal and spiritual world revealed by the fragrant zephyrs of holy thoughts and peaceful joys, together with the godlike consciousness of undying energies within him. Thus, on the voyage of life, are we strengthened and guided by the spiritual fragrance wafted from the thought-groves and prayer-meads of Heaven, on the breezes of Faith and Hope.

As once to him, who his adventurous keel  
 Urged through Atlantic waves (a man I ween  
 Full rich in evidence of Things Unseen,  
 Which to his soaring spirit made appeal),  
 The wished-for continent did itself reveal,  
 Not by its towering hills nor groves of green—  
 For still an ocean wide did intervene—  
 But odours on his senses 'gan to steal  
 Wafted from the New World, more sweet than aught  
 In that he left behind ; and now he felt  
 (With what delight !) that he on Truth had built ;—  
 So he, who long his heavenward course hath held,  
 Finds, as he nears the port, his voyage fraught  
 With sweetest *sense* of things yet unbeheld.

## SONNET.

I WOULD we worshipped as our sires of old,  
Beneath the bright blue sky and waving trees ;  
And not confined to plastered walls and cold,  
That Hymn which ought to wander on the breeze,  
And call on Nature for her harmonies  
To swell the song, and bid her take her part  
In Prayer, that choicest music of the heart :—  
But now to modern church, or chapel trim,  
In newest fashions men and women go,  
And in a languid accent worship Him,  
The God of Nature,—and the Man of Woe,  
And the mysterious Spirit—Three in One,  
Joyful to think their irksome task is done !  
No : rather let us 'neath One Roof, the Sky,  
Pray with all humankind in love and charity !

## SONNET.

Joy of my Soul, I would that Thought had power  
To bring thee to me at this gentle hour—  
Now while the moonlight, streaming thro' the trees,  
Blends with the music of the evening breeze;  
Shedding on sound the loveliness of light,  
Breathing on light the melody of sound,  
Till a melodious moonlight floats around,  
And music seemeth as a part of sight :  
But dearer far the starlight of thine eyes,  
And the fair music of thy gentle lips,  
And 'neath thy gaze I look on bluer skies  
Than those above; but absence flings eclipse  
On all around me; Earth and Sky seem drear  
Since thou art not, my heart-prized Spirit, here.

*May 7th, 1835.*



## SONNET.

THE moonlight rests upon three new-made graves,  
And heart-wrung tears, like clustering lustrous dew,  
Glisten upon the grass, which dirge-like waves  
With a sad quiet tune, which through and through  
Pierceth the mourner's bosom—who can gaze,  
And muse on what they were—and what they are ?  
And then reflect that when the pale moon-rays  
Next slumber on these three and new-made tombs—  
That *our* own grave the blessed light may share.  
Oh ! these are awful times, when men arise,  
And drink in Heaven's fair light thro' weeping eyes ;  
When a dark shroud o'er deathless Nature glooms.  
Yet—what if storms about our head do roll,  
If a bright sunshine floods the inmost soul ?

*August 19, 1834.*

“I AM the Resurrection and the Life,”  
Saith the Lord Jesus, and I longed to lay  
My weary spirit on my Saviour’s breast,—  
But then I pondered on His majesty,  
His glory, and His kingdom, and His power ;  
And I would fain in deepest awe retire,  
To hide my sorrows in the quiet grave :  
But as I bent my fainting footsteps thence,  
A gentle voice of majesty and love,  
Stole as fair music on a starry night,  
And lo ! I heard my Saviour’s cheering voice,  
“ Come unto me, ye weary and distrest—  
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.”

“ I AM the Resurrection and the Life,  
And whoso trusts in me shall never die.”  
My heart was wearied with the world’s vain strife,  
And the dark tear was gathering in mine eye,  
When, as a stream of music clear and strong,  
These glorious tidings burst upon my soul;  
Then far away the clouds of anguish roll,  
And I was happy as an angel’s song.  
Eye, cease to weep—what hast thou for a tear?  
Lip, cease to murmur at thy sorrows here;  
Far, far, from thee the accents of despair,  
Give every breath to thanksgiving and prayer.

*Sept. 5, 1835.*

## THE TER-CENTENARY.

THREE Centuries, great God, this day have rolled,  
Since first thy word was spread to *all* mankind ;  
Since first was given to the four-tongued wind  
Thy gracious summons to our Saviour's fold.—  
Shall we in bondage these glad tidings hold ?  
No ! To all nations be thy mercy told—  
To every land thy wond'rous praise rehearse,  
Who took from man the deep—the primal curse--  
For the dear sake of Him who dared the grave,  
A sinful and a murderous race to save.  
Lord, grant that we, who know thy sacred word,  
May waft its tidings to each Pagan home ;  
That wheresoe'er a Christian's foot may roam,  
Christ's and Jehovah's praise may evermore be heard.

*October 4th, 1835.*

## THE BROKEN LYRE.

UPON the cleft of a tall rock, that frowned  
Above the billows, hung a broken Lyre.  
Untouched by human hands, no gentle Sounds  
The chords inspire :  
Silent, save when the wirlwinds of the deep  
Its sad strings wildly sweep.

And then I heard it mourn in these sad words—  
“A hapless fate is mine, lone lyre, to dwell  
Hidden from mortal vision, for my chords  
Can only swell  
The echoes of the thunder, as it rolls  
To the far distant Poles.

“Lone and neglected, many a year I’ve hung  
Upon this senseless rock begirt by waves;  
And tho’ I to the deep my woes have sung  
And silent caves,  
Yet there was none to answer me, and fling  
Back a kind murmuring.

“ Wild fitful wind, why dost thou touch my strings?  
Thou canst not wake the music that 's concealed  
Within my frame,—the rushing of thy wings  
Has but revealed  
A few wild murmurings—low, grief-like tones,  
Like the sad dying's moans.

“ And must I moulder on this rock away?  
Will none awake the passion of my strain?  
Must I with all my hidden powers decay?  
My gifts all vain?  
Is there no kindly voice to bid arise  
My slumbering melodies?

“ For there were treasured in these broken chords  
The glowing songs of glorious Victory;  
They waited long to breathe heart-thrilling words  
That never die,  
But when once uttered live, for ever shrined  
In the undying mind.

“ And love, which is the poetry of life,  
The music of our being, gentle tones  
Which steal amid the world's tumultuous strife,  
Till the heart owns  
Their soothing influence; and Grief and Care  
No longer tenant there.

“ And there are mournful dirges sleeping on  
The silence of my strings ; and well they suit  
My dreary doom. Soon these will all be gone.

For ever mute  
The music of my being—the last string  
Is e'en now quivering

“ With the expiring tone. Farewell, deep sea !  
Wild winds, farewell, that often wrung the tone  
Of bitter agony. Farewell to ye !

I've mourned alone ;  
And my last sigh in death is given to thee,  
Thou melancholy sea.”

Snapt the last chord—and as the echo died,  
And blended in the howling of the blast,  
“ Ah ! like too many a human heart (I sighed)

Thy lot was cast.  
How many live to bury in the tomb  
Their music and their bloom !

“ Those who have feelings, like the fine lute-strings  
A single touch will break, are doomed to strive  
With the fierce whirlwind and his iron wings ;—  
If they survive,  
They live with withering hopes—and every day  
Wears some fair charm away.”

## THE DEATH-KNELL.

HARK ! now tolls the passing bell.  
O there 's music in the knell :  
All the other sounds we hear  
Flatter and delude the ear.  
These sad tones alone impart  
Choicest comfort to the heart,  
For they tell of joyful rest  
To the sorrow-tortured breast.  
List again ! the passing bell  
Tolls some pilgrim's last farewell.

O it is a sound which seems  
Like the music of our dreams,  
When in slumber's trance we rove,  
'Mong the tombs of those we love.  
'Tis a message from the dead,  
When the voice of life has fled,  
Saying slowly, " Hither, haste,  
Life is but a dreary waste ;  
Misery has no boon to crave  
In the quiet of the grave !"  
List again ! the slow death-knell  
Is booming from the passing bell.



'Tis the voice that bids depart  
Human passions from the heart,  
Stills the bosom's maddening strife,  
Calms the troubled sea of life ;  
As our Saviour on the wave,  
So these blest tones from the grave.  
May the echo never die  
In the listener's memory ;  
But for ever may it roll  
Solemn warning o'er the soul !  
Hark ! again the passing bell :  
O there's music in the knell.

And a heavenly joy is found  
By the afflicted in the sound.  
'Tis the Harbinger of Peace ;  
Soon it whispers, " Sorrows, cease !"  
Soon we burst the bonds of clay,  
Soon we feel th' eternal day.  
Hark ! 'tis o'er, the knell has past  
To blend its breathings with the blast.

## STANZAS.

SPRING on long-deserted tomb  
Flowers in their freshest bloom ;  
Breathing o'er the mouldering gloom  
Their chiefest gift, a sweet perfume.

Clingeth to the tottering tower  
Ivy through the wintry hour :  
When the ruins strew the ground,  
Still the ivy there is found.

Shineth the sunlight warm on all,  
Mountain, vale, and waterfall :  
The withered herb and waving tree  
Share his blessing equally.

The moonlight sleepeth on the grave,  
As a fond and faithful slave,  
That ever since his master died  
Will not quit his grave-bedside :  
But when his heart the last sigh sightheth,  
With a silent prayer dieth.

Doth the landscape fold its bright  
Garment of melodious light  
To the poor way-wanderer's sight?  
Do the stars that shine above  
Look less fair to those who weep,  
Than to eyes that gleam with love?  
Shine they not when man doth sleep?

Tell me, Man, why doth thine heart  
Shine alone upon a *part*?  
Answer, Man, and tell me which  
*Is that part*—the poor or rich?  
Of all things below—above—  
Man alone has *partial love*.

## THE MORNING HYMN.

THE lofty forests toss their heads in light,  
Flinging the sparkles of the starlike dew,  
As a fond offering on the grave of night,—  
That glorious grave which is the morning bright;—  
Now all is vocal 'neath the sky's deep blue—  
Murmur the rills—the rivers roll in song—  
The gleaming waves beat time upon the shore,  
And sing loud anthems as they bound along;—  
From rocks and caves the streams of gladness pour  
In one vast swelling tide;—from waving trees  
Rustle sweet tones of sunlight and of breeze;  
All join the Morning Hymn—save silent hills,  
Which in a glad repose do breathless lie,  
While o'er them bends the *more* than silent sky,  
To hear the song which Air, Earth, Ocean, fills.

“ Neath the pallid moonlight, and in the still church yard,  
a man stood on the grave of the Loved one, and he bared the  
strings of his heart to the breeze, and it thus spake :”--

FAREWELL—if there can be farewell  
To sorrows graven on the heart,  
Or Memory cease to hear the knell  
Of all it prized depart,—  
Farewell, farewell, if there can be  
Farewell, to Memory.

Thou wast the sun of life to me,  
The gladdener of my gloom ;  
Now thou art sleeping peacefully,  
Pale jewel of the tomb :  
While I upon the spot must gaze  
’Neath which thy once-clasped form decays.

When round me raged the waves of strife,  
And dark the tempest frowned,  
Thou camest on the sea of life,  
And gladness smiled around.  
The memory of the storm may cease,  
But not of thee who smiled the peace.

## LINES WRITTEN AT RICHMOND.

THE sky is blue—the sun shines bright—  
A Sabbath morn in spring !  
A music seems within the light  
To slumber murmuring.  
The blossoms waver in the breeze  
To and fro upon the trees,  
The gentle air is floating round  
With all the witchery of sound,  
The blue-waved river glides along,  
And blends his tones to swell the joyful song.

So calm—so still—the Sabbath hour :  
A lovely thing this sacred morn—  
It cometh with a healing power,  
To bathe the weary heart, long torn  
In battling with the cares of life.  
O I could lay me down, and mourn,  
In thickly rushing tears, the strife  
Which leaves the soul, at last, exhausted and forlorn.

I would I were the noiseless cloud  
That now is sailing in the sky ;  
It seems as tho' it were the shroud  
Of some departed melody  
That, earth-born, was about to rise,  
And mingle with the song—the music of the skies.  
A happy life that gentle cloud must lead—  
Now hovering o'er the meads—now lingering o'er  
the stream—  
Catching the showers ere they fall on the flowers—  
Now drinking in the sun's fresh morning beam.  
And the moonlight pale, and the starlight fair,  
Ere they have fallen on this sinful earth—  
Ere they have lost their freshness in the air—  
Fall on that happy cloud and linger there.  
And Love's fond sigh and Music's softest tone  
Rise to that gentle cloud, and make their joy its own.

## THE STONELESS GRAVE.

O TELL me, lone and nameless tomb,  
Who sleeps within thy fold?  
Say, awful sepulchre of gloom,  
Whose ashes dost thou hold?  
Perchance the very feet have trod  
Their destined grave, and o'er the sod  
'Neath which they now lay cold,  
In mirthful mood have often prest,  
Unthinking they, their own grave's breast.

Was it some fair and faithful bride,  
As pure as dawning day,  
The father's hope—the husband's pride—  
So innocently gay?  
When she has glimpsed the rising morn  
Of holy rapture, to be torn  
From all she loved away—  
While he on this drear earth must dwell,  
To muse upon her last farewell.

Or was it, Grave, some maiden fair,  
Thus blasted in her spring;



Her sweetness wasted on the air,  
 A thankless offering?  
 Her lover on her brow has gazed,  
 Till his sight-tortured eyes were glazed,  
 To see her withering.  
 Earth's latest link at last o'ercome,  
 She sank a victim to the tomb.

Perchance some bard beneath thee sleeps:  
 Are thus his hopes repaid?  
 No tributary marble keeps  
 Note where his form is laid,  
 His "thoughts that breathed, his words that burned,"  
 His mind that time and limit spurned,  
 Rest they beneath this Shade?  
 No: born for Heaven, his bonds of clay  
 Once burst, his spirit soared away.

The moonlight slumbers quietly  
 Upon this peaceful spot;  
 Nor, when the sun is in the sky,  
 Is this meek grave forgot.  
 The stars, too, beautiful and bright,  
 Shine on it with their gracious light:  
 Ah, calm and blessed lot,  
 To rest in such a dreamless rest  
 With throbbless brain — and throbbless breast!

## A MOTHER'S DIRGE.

My child was generous and brave,  
    An opening flower of spring ;  
He moulders in a distant grave,  
    A cold forgotten thing.  
Forgotten, aye by all, save me,  
As e'en the best beloved must be.

Methinks 't had been a comfort now,  
    To have watched his parting breath,  
And from his damp and pallid brow  
    To wipe the dews of death :  
With one long lingering kiss to close,  
His eye-lids for their last repose.

Could I have thought such wish to prove,  
    When, cradled on my breast,  
With all a mother's tender love  
    His sleeping eyes I prest ?  
Alas ! alas ! his dying head  
Was pillowed on a colder bed.

But soon this throbbing heart will cease  
    To beat, and I shall lie  
Like thee, my first-born child, in peace —  
    But 'neath my native sky ;  
Whilst thou must slumber on a strand,  
Far from thine own — thy native land.

And yet, poor child, I cannot weep :  
    No soft refreshing drop appears.  
My anguish is too dread — too deep —  
    For the refreshing gush of tears.  
Tho' from my lids no drops will start,  
They fall down burning on my heart.

Farewell, my child ! I'll not repine ;  
    Perchance God's gracious chastening Will  
In mercy does to death consign,  
    To save thee from some future ill :  
And, while I mourn my first-born son,  
Mourn to my God — whose will be done !

## THE PASSING BELL.

HARK ! 'tis the bell that tolls for the dead :  
Some one hath passed from his sorrow.  
'Tis over—and even the echo has fled,  
And his friends will forget him to-morrow.

'Tis thus when a pebble is flung in the tide,  
It ruffles awhile the smooth face of the main ;  
In a moment the eddying circles subside,  
And the blue vault of heaven is mirrored again.

Or e'en as an arrow that passeth thro' air,  
That leaveth no trace as it flieth,  
For the air closeth over—and nothing is there—  
And thus will it be when man dieth.

For a moment a tear-drop may moisten the cheek,  
For an instant the smile may be broken ;  
But to-morrow will come—and the lips then will speak  
As tho' sorrow had never been spoken.

## EDITHA THE FAIR. ·

THEY bore him in the moonlight pale,  
They bore him to his grave ;  
A silence deep o'er all did sleep,  
Silence on shore and wave.

The moonlight pale slept on the grave ;  
Another rested there :  
It was the dead man's faithful bride,  
'Twas Editha the fair.

The morning rose—the moonlight 's gone ;  
The faithless moonlight 's fled,  
But still the fair bride slumbers on,  
And slumbers with the dead.

The birds around do blithely sing,  
The trees with music stir,  
The breeze with fragrance passeth by—  
But they are nought to her.

Her eye will never look again  
On mountain or on stream—  
Her heart has now no earthly care—  
Her brain no earthly dream.

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O CAN my heart-strings cease to give  
Response to love's sweet breath ?  
NO: not till its throbbings are over, and I  
Am at rest in the dreamless death.

Can the wind-wooded lute,  
With its music-sobbing chords,  
To the gentle breeze be mute,  
Nor awake to its kindly words,

When the spirit of melody springs,  
As a fresh-souled cherub, from the strings,  
Wakened by its mother's kisses  
From a dream of fairest blisses ?

## LONELINESS.

IF I have crushed the tear within mine eye,  
 That it the fiercer on my heart might rain ;  
 If I have battled with my agony,  
 Till Thought became a dread—benumbing pain—  
 A shuddering panging in the sleepless brain ;  
 If in this anguish I have longed to die,  
 And breathed a prayer in this unhallowed strain.  
 To you do I appeal—Earth—Ocean—Air,  
 For ye have seen my grief—have felt my dread despair.

Ye were the elements to which I flung  
 The music of my being ; and I feel  
 That they who loved you most, the least have sung.  
 There is a Passion words cannot reveal :  
 And tho' the eye, the soul-flasher, may steal  
 A portion of the mysteries which shroud  
 Your else too vivid forms—it dares not breathe  
 Its fond sense of your loveliness aloud  
 In uttered words—it can but gaze and think  
 On what it loves—and, gazing, fresh love drink.

My heart is bowed with sorrow, when I see  
Two youthful beings love in silentness  
Of adoration. None, alas ! loves me.  
And then my lone heart in its loneliness  
Retires into itself, and woos distress,  
And hateth all things in this Love's excess :  
And then I sigh for that long dreamless sleep.  
From which there is no wakening to weep,—  
And muse in rapture on that silent rest,  
When I shall slumber in the Earth's green breast.

Yet why to me should night refuse to give  
The calm and moonlight quiet of her sky ?  
I wish not long in this cold world to live—  
I only wish to love—and then to die.  
Now in the quiet fields at eve I lie,  
And look upon the heavens that roll above  
In the still music of serenity :  
And I can fancy that those bright stars love,  
And blend their rays together, as they roll  
In music and in light of their own making ;  
For love—light—music—seem to me their soul :  
And when I think that none loves me on earth,  
This lonesome truth doth set my spirit aching  
And men do marvel that I have not mirth.



MEN feed the body with the nicest care,  
And for the mind prepare a rich repast:  
But O they let the immortal spirit fast,  
Or feed on dread of anguish and despair.  
They will not deem its sustenance is prayer,  
Nor listen to the inward voice which longs  
For Jesu's precious words, and Sion's sacred songs.  
O did they listen to the small still voice,  
Which as a crystal fountain flows within  
To its own melody; which nought save sin  
Can crush, or still the note which bids rejoice.  
Earth soon is o'er: its torturing cares soon fade,  
And their bright Heaven, to our sight display'd,  
Opes to receive us; and the saintly throng  
Swells the whole universe with Holy Song,  
The song of joy for those who, led astray  
From Jesu's path, regain the peaceful way.

'Tis the fresh Spring-time : and the Spring-time is  
The sweetest season in God's smiling year :  
And this the Sabbath morn—a Sabbath morn—  
The holiest portion of the beauteous spring.  
It comes amid the discord of the world,  
As soul-drawn music in a solemn strain,  
Whose organ is the mighty visible world,  
Blending its harmonies in one grand peal ;—  
The deep blue skies unfretted with a cloud,  
The vast cathedral whence the music rolls—  
Swelling and rolling as the glorious sea ;  
Till the whole soul and heart and mind become  
A part and portion of the mighty song.  
And ye green hills that lay in happy sleep,  
Looking for ever on the lofty heavens,  
And smiling, as tho' dreaming in your sleep  
Of Spring's fair music and of Summer's bloom—  
Ye hills, which are the swelling breasts of earth,  
O'er which the clouds do hang so lovingly,  
Now floating o'er your summits, and anon  
With a soft thrill dissolving in a shower  
Of soul gushed rapture,—O that I could fling  
My spirit on some radiant-tinted cloud,

And hover o'er you with a fixed delight,  
To drink deep pleasure from you, and at night  
To rest and slumber on your lofty brows,  
To catch the latest ray of lingering light,  
And meet the sun upon the eastern hills.  
Ye cannot be the dead and senseless things,  
Which men do deem ye. O it cannot be,  
That ye which are the source of living springs,  
And healing waters, and of deep-toned strains,—  
That ye, whose crowns are the majestic woods  
Whence flows your music to the sleeping world,  
The mighty harp on which the breezes play  
With their fresh delicate breath ; or when, at night,  
The mountain blasts bring anthems from the boughs,  
In nature's wildest rapture, while the peals  
Of living thunder leap from hill to hill,  
Gathering terror to appal the world,  
And rouse it from its slumber of deep sin,—  
O can it be, that ye, on whom the light  
First rests when streaming from the morning sun,  
Or from the stars that tremble into light,  
That ye, the sources of our strong delight,  
Are but the dead undreaming things of clay,  
Which man's proud nature would degrade ye to ?

'Tis the blue midnight : and the silent stars  
Walk forth in beauty 'mong the fields of Heaven :—  
A pleasant coolness breathes so sweetly round,  
As tho' it were the bright stars' gentle breath  
In their soft slumber, as an innocent babe,  
Which scarcely moves in its celestial dreams,  
Fair dreams made up of Heaven and of its mother.  
Bright are the stars above me : e'en as bright  
As when they first flashed forth their dawning light,  
To glitter in the fountains on the hills  
Which look into the Heavens, and sprang forth  
Midway from earth to catch the earliest light.  
Man crumbles into dust and nothingness ;  
Tho' now he scans the infinite expanse  
Of the starr'd firmament, and bids the stars  
Move to his own proud theories, and frames  
Laws to direct them in their mighty course,  
Their light shall shine upon his quiet grave,  
Blessing the clay that wraps him.

Even so,  
The day shall come when they, the stars, shall fade,  
And all except God's words shall pass away.

## THE SPIRITS' MIDNIGHT SONG.

- “ MORTAL ! that weepst when weeps the night dew,  
 And sigh'st to the stars what earth never knew,  
     Hears't thou no sound?  
 Midst the shadows that change and that flit around,  
 And the thin cloud-like mists that rise from the  
     ground,  
     No form dost thou view ?
- “ Holds the grave none who live to thee still,  
 Hast thou no thought that time may not kill,  
     Nor pleasure can charm ?  
 Throbs not thy breast, tho' fearless of harm,  
 And has reason a power that throb to calm,  
     Or Comfort instil ?
- “ Live there not yet in thy memory  
 Those who would quit even Heaven for thee,  
     Altho' grief to share ?  
 And hast thou no hope thou ~~art~~ <sup>yet</sup> art their care,  
 No belief that affection from time we bear,  
     To Eternity ! *Still*

“ If their spirits could rise to thy sorrowing eye,  
 Would'st thou tremble to look at those loved ones  
 nigh,

Thou mournest as *gone* ?

Could'st thou not list to their gentle tone,  
 E'en now,—dost thou *know* thyself alone?

Hear'st thou no sigh ?

“ We are near thee, we watch thee, we love thee yet,  
 Our happiness still upon thine is set,

In *Heaven* thou art dear ;—

In thy pleasure our smile of gladness is near,  
 Our sympathy still descends with thy tear,

We never forget.

X “ Hear us! we come whence no tears are shed.

Hear us! our hearts as thine own have bled,

And thy doubts have known ;—

We have cursed the destruction that Earth has shewn,  
 We have mourned for its sins, we have writhed at its  
 groan,

We have fallen with its dead.

“ Hear us! we've hung o'er the blighted flower,

And the leaf devoured in its earliest hour,

And the first-born slain ;

X *Handwritten notes and scribbles at the bottom of the page.*

And we, too, have witnessed the long life of pain,  
And dared question the *mercy* of Him whose reign  
Shewed such fearful *power*.

“ Hear us ! our hearts have in penitence flown,  
Our proud and weak hearts, to that heavenly throne  
Round which Angels bow ;—  
And our anguish there claimed that He would endow  
Our souls with the hopes that thou cravest now ;—  
Thy thoughts were our own.

“ As thine, have our hearts with sorrow been riven,  
Like thee we have loved,—like thee we have striven  
With life's weight of woe,  
We have shrunk from the Death that layeth all  
low,  
And our souls, as thine, in affection's glow,  
Found earnest of Heaven.

“ Hear us ! we 've known, we have felt all this,  
Earth's bitterest grief and Love's farewell kiss  
By us have been shared.  
Yet we live !—by that mercy that we had dared  
To doubt, we are pardoned, consoled, and spared  
To a life of bliss.

“ Heir of that bliss, we may not reveal  
What spirits can see, what spirits can feel  
Of eternal joy ;  
But we promise thee pleasures without alloy,  
We promise a life Death dares not destroy :  
Universal Weal.

“ Doubt not, yet man’s doubts are pardoned ; nor  
grieve  
Though Earth yet has trials that thou must receive,  
And her pleasures are past.  
Fear not ! ’tis thy Maker thy lot hath cast,—  
Earth’s trials will end, Heaven’s raptures must last :  
Hope and believe !”



“ IN CÆLO QUIES.”

LIFE *has* its pleasures ;—many and varied joys  
 Soften or hide its sharp and cruel woes ;  
 Love, Friendship, Fame on some, and meaner toys  
 On others it confers ; on none repose.  
 The throb that bliss creates, that bliss destroys ;  
 The pain of pleasure who that feels but knows ?  
 Or who, excitement struggling in his breast,  
 But feels how diff'rent mortal joy from rest ?

Is there no home then for the weary mind,  
 No respite from the war of ceaseless thought,  
 No chain that may the roving spirit bind,  
 No dreamless sleep for those who long have sought ,  
**N**o rest—for those who would repose to find,  
 Give every pleasure with which life is fraught ?  
 Ah yes ! the rest, denied to Earth, is given  
 As the supreme felicity of Heaven.

## THE VIRGIN'S SHRINE.

“ UP, lady Margaret ! doff your weeds,  
    And put on your velvet so fine ;  
And braid up with jewels your bonnie black haire,  
And chase from your sweet brow each token of care,  
For he, in whose eye alone thou 'dst be faire  
    Is returned from far Palestine.

“ Smile, lady Margaret ! God's good grace  
    Hath sheltered in peril and fight ;  
The way has been long, and with danger was rife,  
And many have lost there both fortune and life ;  
But thy knight is spared to his ladie and wife  
    And will rest in her arms to-night.”

Lady Margaret hears, and she doffs her weeds,  
    And puts on her velvet so fine ;  
And with jewels she braids up her bonnie black haire,  
And with smiles she replaces each token of care,  
To meet him for whom alone she 'd be faire,  
    Her own knight from Palestine.

And the lady now goes in her bridal array,  
At the shrine of the Virgin to bow ;  
The mild virgin, upon whose knee there'sate  
The faire child of God, whom early and late,  
She had prayed to watch over her deare lord's fate,  
With tears, humbly bending low.

“ Three times a day, Holy Mother ! here,”

Did the ladie now gladly say ;—

“ Three times a day, when, a youthful bride,  
I saw him depart in his warrior's pride,  
I implored thee to bring him once more to my side,  
Let me praise now where oft I did pray.

“ Three times a day as each weary moon

Rose, waxed, and waned old ;

When the pledge of our loves heaved beneath my lone  
breast,

I besought thee for courage, for comfort, for rest ;—

I made thee my vows in my widow's weeds drest ;—

I pay them in crimson and gold.”

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“ Hollah ! Hollah ! let the drawbridge down,

Ye knaves that have wassailed at home ;

Ring a peal for your fellows, who've travelled from far,



And she has replied, with her head on his breast,  
 And with joy's happy tears in her eye ;  
 Soft whispers, short speeches, she pours in his ear ;  
 What smiles cannot tell him, he reads in her tear ;  
 Whilst her sighs — but, ah me ! it were still worse, I  
 fear,  
 To say what said tear, smile and sigh.

“ Where is our babie, my Margaret, where ?  
 Hast thou taught him to lisp yet my name ?  
 Has he got thy dark eyes, and thy bonnie black haire ?  
 Does he promiseto be half as bold as thou'rt faire ?  
 Come, bring the young squire, that a knight may  
 declare  
 Him worthy his ancestor's fame.”

“ Wake thee, my babie ! my bonnie boy rise ;  
 No more to a mother's *sad* love ;  
 To the fulness of joy, to my spring of delight ;  
 To one constant in love, as valiant in fight,  
 As gentle as brave ; to a father's glad sight  
 I bear thee, his transports to prove.

“ See ! he smiles at thee, Lord, tho' in warrior-array,  
 And would spring to thy arms, tho' from mine.  
 O moment of bliss ! when our infant I see,

Where my heart has oft placed him—his loved father's  
knee !

Your blessing, dear knight, for your child and for me ;  
Heaven's blessing from thee upon thine."

" Now bless thee, my babe, and the mother that bore,  
Take my love with the life that I gave ;  
Bright, pure be thy youth, unsullied thy prime,  
Unsullied by sorrow, unsullied by crime !  
God shield thee, and save thee, and give thee, in time,  
To find a knight's glory or grave !

" And now, let me spell o'er this loveliest page  
That Nature e'er gave to my view.  
O the wee tiny hands ! will they e'er grasp a sword ?  
Thy bonnie limbs answer, ' Yea, 'o' my word,  
Yet, fie ! what a soft velvet lip for a lord !  
Such a lip for a ladie might do.

" But whom art thou like, my own pretty boy ?  
Come lift me thy mother's bright eye ;—  
Nay, seek not, in play, on my shoulder to hide ;  
Bright, dark must they be, or thou art not allied  
To thy sire's tawny race, or thy sire's sunnie bride,  
Come, turn thee, my babie so sly.

“ Ha!—but I see not the likeness *here!*

Whence got'st thou thine eyes' clear blue?—  
Thou art *faire*, pretty minion! the snow 's not more  
*faire*,

Thy skin has no shade, as thy brow has no care,  
And the silk-worm has spun thee thy silvery haire;—  
He is *faire*, dame, as thou hast been *true*.

“ Here, take him ; he longs for his mother's soft breast,  
That shines *dark* to HIS *lilie* face ;—  
No other than he that pillow might share ;  
It heaveth right quickly. Nay, why shouldst *thou* care,  
He is *faire*, sunnie ladie, thy child is *most faire* ;  
Thou palest ! God send me his grace !

“ How old is the boy?—And thou answerest not,  
But tremblest like aspen leaf.  
Is my full eye *too dark* for thine own to bear?  
Or my brow that is deepened by travel and care?  
For one who has watched over *babie* so *faire*.  
He *is faire*.—What's thy cause for grief?

“ Yet speechless and trembling.—Now, by my soul!  
'T is a long way from Palestine.  
A castle 's but dull when its master will stray,  
And the night must be long as well as the day ;

There are matrons will play when their lords are  
away.

False woman! your child is not *mine!*"

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He has thrust her away from his armed knee,  
And he heeds not her sob-broken words;  
He turns from the truth<sup>d</sup> of that soft-pleading eye,  
From her love, from her woe, from her heart-break-  
ing sigh,  
From *all*—for in all, he perceives but the lie  
With which ladies betray their lords.

“ Out of my sight! In the world so wide,  
There are faire knights with eyes so blue—  
Nay, want not. There 's gold, there are jewels and  
gold:  
No death do I wish thee by famine and cold—  
Live, eat and be merry—go buy and be sold.—  
*So lovely, O God, and not true!*"

She is gone—and she goes to the pure virgin's shrine  
With her babe in anguish to bow;  
The mild virgin, upon whose knee there sate



The faire child of God, whom early and late  
 She had prayed to watch over her dear lord's fate,  
 With tears sadly bending low.

She prayeth ; but not with lip or with voice ;  
 Yet, Virgin ! incline thine ear :—  
 'T is the prayer of a heart in its agony,  
 Of a woman's heart in its purity,  
 Of a heart that has nothing but Heaven and Thee,  
 Of a mother ;—~~W~~ Sweet Mother, hear !

She prayeth in silence, she prayeth in woe,  
 She is rapt in that prayer profound ;  
 A host might have past unheeded, I ween,  
 The thunder's loud echoes unnoticed have been,  
 Or the lightning have fallen or flashed unseen,  
 She would feel neither sight, touch, nor sound.

She prayeth, and hears not the quick heavy tread  
 Of one who comes also near ;  
 Of her Lord, who now enters that long hallowed pile,  
 And who marks that deep woe that not earth may  
 beguile,  
 And who marks that babe's *smile* from kind Heaven  
 the while ;  
 He is used to his mother's tear.

And the knight pauseth now in grief and in love :  
     No statue more breathless may be.  
 He pauseth before the bright Virgin so mild,  
 And Heaven seems to enter that bosom so wild,  
 As he looks on *the Saviour*, and looks at his *child* ;  
     O Jesus ! now what may he see ?—

Has the Saviour come down from his bright mother's  
     arms,  
     In sad Margaret's arms to rest ?  
 Is the *image here* heaving with colour and life ?  
 Or is the faire child of that desolate wife,  
*There* image-like sheltered from sorrow and strife ?  
     Which babe to her bosom is prest ?

She prayeth, *in heart* ; and now from that prayer  
     In words she has strength to pray ;—  
 “ Three times a day, Holy Mother,” she cried,  
 “ When I 'd seen him depart in his warrior-pride,  
 I besought thee to bring him again to my side ;  
     I brought thee my praises to-day.  
 “ Three times a day, as each coming moon  
     Rose, waxed, and waned old  
 When the pledge of our loves heaved beneath my  
     breast,

I besought thee for courage, for comfort and rest ;—  
 I made thee my vows in my widow's weeds drest ;—  
 And I paid them in crimson and gold.

“ Thou knowest me pure, thou knowest me true,  
 Thou knowest each thought of mine ;  
 From the hour when in anguish I saw him depart,  
 Thy holy child Jesus alone filled my heart ;  
 It is broken and pierced with grief's sharpest dart ;—  
 I bring it again to thy shrine.—

“ And three times a day, Holy Mother ! still  
 I will turn me in prayer to thee ;—  
 And tho' far he must wander, and much he must  
 bear  
 For his father, my babie shall first lisp a prayer,  
 That Heaven may preserve him from sorrow and  
 care,  
 Whatever becometh of me.”

She ceaseth : **O** she is sinking in grief,  
 When her knight's arm is round her thrown ;  
 His arm is around her, his ladie so deare,  
 His kisses have dried up each desolate tear,  
 His kind words have banished each womanish feare,  
 Her child is reclaimed as his own.

“Thou art faire, child,” he cries, “as thy mother’s  
pure fame,  
As the Saviour to whom she did live ;  
O gain me once more her dear pardon and grace,  
In ev’ry past doubt I her virtue may trace ;  
Her soul was with God, and He shines in thy face,  
Ye dear ones, O love and forgive !”

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## ADDRESS TO DEATH.

DEATH ! to whom so many pray  
Thou wouldest yet thy stroke delay ;  
Whilst some view thee as the friend,  
Who alone their woes can end,—  
Alike from those who hope or fear,  
Churlish, thou turn’st away thine ear ;

Or, should'st thou attention give,  
Thou sparest the wretch that loathes to live,  
And pluckest for the nearest grave  
Him who willed his life to save.  
Come ; perverse as thou mayest be,  
Thou shalt hear a prayer from me ;  
I ask no long protracted stay,  
Tho' life were fair as summer's day,  
Nor does my heart, from fear, demand  
Respite at thy griesly hand,  
Nor, from sorrow, do I crave  
Refuge in an early grave,  
Nor, in disgust at things below,  
Desire that thou thy dart should'st throw.  
Blest with health, with ease, with friends,  
All that to human comfort tends,  
With competence, that 's gaily earned,  
In loving where my love 's returned.—  
Were not my heart at others' woe  
Prompt to melt, my tears to flow  
When others mourn, I had not known  
Sorrow I could call my own.  
Even thus supremely blest,  
Death ! to thee I make request,  
Leave me not too long to live !  
Let me not my joys survive !

Point a sure unerring dart,  
Whilst youthful blood yet warms my heart !  
Whilst my eye its glance can throw  
Round the world, nor find a foe ;  
Whilst my warmest sympathy  
Follows human misery,  
And my hand its little store  
Spreads to those who want it more ;  
Whilst my soul at others' joy  
Feels a bliss without alloy ;  
Whilst my sins, tho' many, crave,  
And hope, a pardon ere the grave,  
E'en from him who wills to save !  
Come then, Death ! midst every pleasure,  
Thou, to me, wert greater treasure :  
Ere earth fail to see me blest,  
Take me to thy dearer rest !

1826.

## STANZAS.

I CARE not for the sunlight,  
Unless the sunlight lay  
On forest-trees, and meadows green,  
From cities far away.

Nor do I love the moonlight,  
Unless the moonlight sleep  
In rocky glen and quiet dell,  
In silence calm and deep.

Nor care I for the morning breeze,  
Unless it rustles by  
When I am laid 'neath spreading trees,  
And gazing on the sky.

For then I feel its quiet glide  
So gently through mine eye,  
As tho' it were a soothing draught  
Of silent poetry.

And then I seem as tho' I were,  
Of Nature's self a part,  
And that I had her glorious pulse,  
And felt with her own heart.

'T is then the ocean-billows rise  
With playful mirth, before  
My half-shut eyes ; 't is then I hear  
The waves beat on the shore.

The waves make music to the shore ;  
The shore awakes the hills ;  
The hills arouse the mountain streams,  
And their ten thousand rills.

The rills flow down into the sea,  
With a soft pleasant sound,  
And thus sustain the wondrous song  
Of Nature all around !



## THE DEATH OF THE POET.

THE DYING POET *sleeping*. SARA, *his wife, watching over him. Time, sunset.*

SARA.

HE sleeps ! Perchance it is his last last slumber !  
 His dreams may be of heaven, and his eyes  
 May never open on this world again.  
 E'en *now* the angels may have loosed the bonds  
 That pressed his heaven-born spirit to the earth,  
 And tho' his mortal form rests here, his soul  
 May swell the anthems of the sainted choirs.  
 He smiles ! he lives ! e'en in his earthly dreams  
 He speaks to angels, and they speak to him  
 Sweet words of consolation and delight,  
 Angelic tones of welcome yet to be.

THE POET (*waking*).

My well-loved Sara, ever thus I find  
 Thee watching o'er me. Ah ! my love, I thought  
 When first my eyelids opened on thy face  
 Thou wast an angel ; for my dreams have been

Of heaven and fair angels : I have roamed  
In a bright Paradise, where murmuring streams  
Were rolling waters of immortal song ;  
And crystal fountains gushed in melody,  
Where the green meadows rest in silent bliss,  
Spangled with flowers and herbs (their fragrant  
thoughts) ;

And, ever and anon, a wave of joy  
Came through the air in thrilling unison.  
All was delight—an atmosphere of love.  
And when at length I stretched my weary limbs  
Beneath a tree upon a gentle hill,  
A fairer and a softer music glid  
Thro' every pore, and woke within my soul  
The heaven I found without—and all was peace.

Open the casement, Sara, let the breeze  
Fan over my brow, the grave-damps even now  
Are rising on it, and that simple harp  
Which, sidelong placed upon the window sill,  
Delights to feel the kisses of the breeze  
Caress its innocent chords—Ah ! that soft tone !  
'Tis as the breathing of melodious thought  
In a soft stream, to satisfy the soul.  
My spirit drinks those echoes :—thinkest thou  
They die upon the passing wind ? Ah no ! They blend,  
And live for ever in their element.--

Those deep low whisperings of the trembling chords  
Are as the voices of the dead, which now  
Awake refreshed from their long-silent sleep,  
To give a welcome in the invisible world  
To my departing spirit.

Farewell now,  
My faithful Sara, I shall linger still  
Hallowed in memory ; and at that still hour,  
When the glad angel, Death, shall loosen thee  
From the dark fetters of thy mortal flesh,  
My spirit will be with thee to sustain  
Thy fleeting life, and waiting to embrace  
Thy new-born being in eternal love.  
Farewell ! now leave me ; I would be alone  
With Nature in this last, this farewell-hour.

[SARA *leaves him.*

O gladsome glorious Sun !

I never more upon the grassy bank,  
Shall fling my limbs to feel thy kindly warmth,  
When I have pressed my heart unto the earth  
To blend my throbbings with its mighty pulse,  
And feel myself a fibre of its frame.  
O Nature ! I have lived in loving thee :  
To thee have I flung forth my boundless thoughts,  
And revelled in thy grandeur, till my heart  
Thrilled tremblingly with silentness and joy.

I worshipped thee till I had lost the power  
 Of loving aught save thee ; and now I go  
 To mingle with thee, and become a part  
 Thro' which thy life-blood rolls.

Nature and Nature's God !

The deep-toned worship of my heart dared not  
 Approach to thee, but thro' thy glorious works ;  
 And now the veil that dimmed the lustrous stream  
 Of light, which blazoned round thine awful throne,  
 Is fading mistily away ; and soon

I shall behold thy Face, the Eternal One !

Bright Sun, farewell—farewell ! and yet, O pause,  
 E'en but an instant, ere the wave shall hide thee.

Let thy dear light but glad one moment more  
 These eyes, which soon must roll in vain for light,  
 Then close for ever on the world I love.

Farewell, thou bright-eyed Sun ! Thy glance to-morrow  
 Will shine upon my grave.

One star is visible : it seems to bring  
 An old remembered face to gaze on me,  
 And look a farewell at my dying hour.

Another ! and another ! welcome ye !  
 Unnumbered Systems ! ye that walk the skies  
 In nightly majesty—To ye I've breathed—not man.

## SONNET.

It was a vision ; or my spirit stray'd  
To the fair clime of blue-skyed Araby ;  
For while the congregation round me prayed,  
My weary soul was 'neath a tall rock's shade  
With eyes intent upon a cloudless sky.  
The boundless waste of ocean rolled before,  
And pilgrim-billows pebbly offerings brought,  
As a fond tribute to the embracing shore.  
The joyful air, with freshest odours fraught,  
Bathed my bare forehead ;—*Nature* seemed to steal  
All worship to herself—apart I trod  
From all mankind, as tho' no more to feel ;  
When, at one bound, the organ's solemn peal,  
Brought me from Nature, back to Nature's God!

## TO AN INDIAN BEGGAR.

O WEARY wanderer ! is there aught on earth  
To bring a sorrow or a joy to thee ?  
Or have the feelings given thee at thy birth  
Been crushed beneath thy stedfast misery ?  
Wins the blue sky its way into thy soul ?  
Rests thine eye still in joy upon the hills ?  
Drinks yet thine ear the music-gushing rills ?  
Or do these glorious things in darksome silence roll ?  
Art thou alone ;—an outcast from the rest ?  
Or cling'st thou still unto some human heart,  
Making thy pillow in a kindred breast ?—  
I read thy tale—*thou art from all apart.*  
Yet O remember, wheresoe'er you roam,  
Christ died for thee, and God has made thy home !

## SONNET.

YE rocks and vallies ! mountains, woods, and streams !  
Ye I revisit oft in gentle sleep,  
And live among ye in my silent dreams.  
Yea : oft I stand upon the lofty steep,  
And hear the music of the billowy deep—  
A far-off murmuring, which seems to glide  
Into my spirit as a voiceless tide  
Of melody, too fair for outward ear.  
Oft when I stand amid the crowded scene,  
My soul is wandering 'neath the shaded green,  
Or breezy meadows, some fresh fountain near,  
From which the crystal waters bright and clear,  
Gush into air—a water-harp—and make  
Sweet song to cheer me for dear Nature's sake.

Go to the fields and gaze upon  
The lilies—simple flowers !  
They toil not—spin not—nor consume  
In care their passing hours ;  
But gazing on the soft blue sky,  
Delight the weary wanderer's eye.

Yet Solomon in all his state  
Was not arrayed like them,  
Tho' vested in his gorgeous robe  
And glittering diadem,  
And throned e'en as a god on high,  
In all the blaze of majesty.

Will he who breathed upon the flower  
Its fragrancy and bloom,  
Unpitying see thee drop and sink  
Unaided to the tomb :  
Go to the meadows—bend thine eyes  
Upon the lilies—and be wise.



## QUESTION.

THERE were mists in the morning ;—they fade from the  
hill.—

There was song in the woods ;—they are cheerless and  
still.—

There were flowers on earth's bosom ;—their leaves are  
all shed.—

There were hopes in my youth ;—they are withered  
and dead.—

There is change, there is death, spread on all here below.  
The *fairest* is frail as the vanishing snow.—

*Thou* art fairer and dearer than all that I view ;

But ah ! dare I hope time will find thee more true ?

## THE REPLY.

THE mists of the morning may fade from the hill,

The once vocal groves may be cheerless and still,

The fair leaves may fall from the withering tree,

But the heart thou hast won shall be faithful to thee—

All on earth may be frail as the bright snowy wreath,

That melts as it feels the young summer's soft breath ;

There is change, there is death in the joys by *Earth*  
given—

For *they* are of earth ; but *love* is from Heaven.

HEAV'N gave the bee desire for sweets,  
Nor heav'n denies her flowers;  
The thirsty land for moisture waits,  
Nor heav'n withholds its showers.—  
Nor sooner are the babe's alarms  
To mother's ears exprest,  
He finds a shelter in her arms,  
His solace at her breast.

Nor are the instincts of the heart  
Less subjects of heaven's care ;  
Nor would it sympathies impart  
Merely to perish there ;—  
The heart that yearns for kindred mind,  
To share its bliss or pain ;—  
That knows to love,—shall surely find  
A heart that loves again.

## THE TRIALS OF THE INNOCENT.

CHRISTIAN! if ever a doubt should rise  
 Of that holier world beyond the skies,  
 Whose *hope* is man's only reality,  
 In this land of visions, that flitting by,  
 Aye mock and leave us,—if life's dark hour,  
 The tempter, the world, or thy treacherous heart,  
 That clings to the shadowy forms that depart,  
 Would snatch from thy grasp that buckler of power,  
 Which alone can shield from the fiery dart,  
 Or would lead thee away from thy rock and thy tower,—  
 If, in the awful hiding of *His* face,  
 Whose smile of love is this world's only light,  
 Hard thoughts arise of His eternal grace,  
 Or daring question leaves its searing trace:  
 That doubt has been that the world's Judge does right.

O wouldst thou strengthen this thy failing trust,  
 And lay the gathering clouds of earthly dust,  
 That rushing crowds raise up before our road,  
 Blinding our eyes till they lose sight of God ;—

Seek not the holy strengthening of thy faith  
In the red bolt that deals out certain death,  
Where justice seemed uncertain ;—seek it not  
Where daily blessings mark the good man's lot,  
And peace and hope inspire his dying breath.—  
(Yet this might teach thee.) Seek it not alone  
In the all glorious sun, or starry zone  
Which girdles round the grand majestic course  
That he has daily held, unchanged, untired,  
Since first he sprung from chaos, by the force  
Of that one mighty word of *The First Cause*,  
Whose meaning grasped the whole of Nature's laws.—  
No! tho', once more, with glad ethereal voice  
The morning stars should, as at first, rejoice ;—  
And, even now, undying echoes thrill,  
From their far spheres, the music "Peace, be still."  
As mourners turn to those pure rays, inspired  
With holy powers to make their heaven desired ;—  
Seek not your faith from these, altho' their line,  
Gone forth thro' the whole earth, proclaims, "Divine  
And uncreated light has made us shine."

And seek not comfort for thy wounded soul,  
In the earth's lower wonders, tho' *each part*,  
The smallest, bids the uncorrupted heart  
Believe supernal mercy made *the whole* ;

Seek it not chiefly there ; for the full grain  
May yet lie blackened on the smiling plain,  
And the sweet glories of the opening flower  
Fail to complete the moments of its hour.  
Seek it not there ; nor in the mighty mind  
Of kindred mortals, who have stolen a fire  
Kindled in Heaven, that with strong desire  
For ever pointeth upward Heaven to find ;  
And might well teach us, *who* can thus inspire.

No : seek it rather in the life consigned  
To sorrow, ere there yet was time for sin ;—  
Doomed to renounce earth's joys, as they begin  
To charm, *before* they have been found to pall ;—  
As innocent, to feel the guilt of all ;  
As full of kindly feeling, child-like trust,  
Hope, love, and song, to have each power thrust  
Back coldly on the heart ;—and *yet* to live resigned.  
O there is Heaven *here* !—It cannot be  
That *He*, the source of every sympathy,  
The planter of each instinct seeking joy  
As if it were our birthright, should destroy  
All pleasure, all that's prized beneath the sun,  
*Except* the hope of Heaven ;—and *that* hope fail.  
All that was born in meekness, to avail  
*Nothing* to win the long-expected goal

Of rest and joy to the confiding soul.  
O this be far from Him, *the Holy One!*

Christian! here bring thy doubts of that just Heaven,  
Repaying all of sorrow or of strife  
That in mysterious mercy may be given  
To those who thus have borne the woes of life;  
Not borne unheeded, not with scorn or pride,  
Nor with the sullen wish from man to hide  
The heart that God hath broken, but not riven  
From *any* sympathy to man allied:—  
A heart still open to *another's* care,  
Reflecting still the joys it may not share,  
And meekly yielding, whatso'er betide,  
Sweet illustration of "Thy will be done,"  
Learning each grief with patience to beguile!  
And seeing in the darkest hour a father's smile.—  
Weak Christian! *here* lay down your doubts of Heaven:  
Come for new faith; love, hope, and be forgiven.

“ 1833.”

THERE was a wailing in the land,  
 A wailing o'er the sea,—  
 And every breath of air that stirr'd,  
 Pulsed strong with agony.  
 For lo ! there passed a Pest along  
 As a fierce and rushing surge ;  
 And it changed old England's merry song  
 To a dark and funeral dirge.

I heard the widow's broken sob —  
 The father's stifled moan ;  
 And then amid these awful sounds  
 There came the dying groan.  
 From every tongue, or old, or young,  
 The voice of gladness fled ;  
 O'er every house the Pest had breathed —  
 The dying watched the dead !

And there sprang up in each church-yard  
The graves—like Earth's quick sighs,  
Yea ; wheresoe'er the footsteps trod,  
Were funeral obsequies !  
And men and women walked in dread,  
And moved as tho' they were  
In shroud and winding sheet arrayed,  
Shut from the blessed air.

And they who with the morning rose  
In health and strength and bloom,  
Were, ere the midnight bell had toll'd,  
Pale dwellers in the tomb,  
And they who followed mourning them,  
And tears of sorrow shed,  
Were, ere another day had gone,  
Themselves the silent dead.

The Pest pass'd by — the scourge was stayed—  
The world forgot to weep,  
And men with lighter hearts began,  
To court the nightly sleep.  
On wassail, vice, and thoughtlessness,  
Again the world is bent,  
And care not for that awful Pest—  
A Nation's punishment.



## STANZAS.

ALL silently pass through the harp that is stringless,  
 The delicate breeze, and the gale in its fury,  
 No murmurs of music are flung from their touches,—  
     The harp rests in stillness !

The landscape of earth, and the verdure-robed moun-  
     tains,  
 The aye-changing face of the earth-girdling ocean,  
 The glorious sun in the blaze of the noontide  
     Are dark to the sightless.

The blue sky above with the stars thickly studded,  
 The moon that looks round in the light of her beauty,  
 All these are to him both a pang and a sorrow.—  
     Dark is the moonlight !

The murmurous sound of the soft-falling spring rills,  
 The rustle and song of the dark-waving forests,  
 The beautiful music of sabbath bells calling  
     All nature to worship,—

O these are all lost on the deaf—the unhearing.  
And e'en so of life are the joys and the sorrows  
To him who is godless : but all these are plain to  
The truth-loving Christian !

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### THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

THE harp in my window, the simple Æolian,  
Doleth forth sounds, as the delicate breezes  
Steal thro' its chords, and the soft music wreathing  
A garland of musical flowers round my spirit,  
Dirge-like and soul-like,—so soothingly mournful,  
How mournfully now are the strings overflowing  
With music, so gentle, so dove-like, so sigh-like !  
As tho' the wind thirstlike had drank all the wailings  
The sighs, and lamentings of widows and orphans,  
And poured all the sadness in one gush of song ;  
Till the chords of the harp, the dear simple Æolian,  
Are thrilling and sobbing with sorrow and song.

## THE MORNING STAR.

FAINTER and fainter shines the star of morn,  
Fair lingerer of the night, as tho' it stay'd  
Waiting to see the glorious sunlight born,  
In all the pomp of purple skies arrayed.  
E'en while I look, that beauteous star doth fade  
And mingle with the quiet of the sky ;  
And yet, methinks a paler blue appears  
Around the spot where died that lingering star :  
Or does fond Fancy cheat the gazing eye,  
Or paler seems the colour thro' my tears ?  
Bright star, farewell ! I never more may view  
Thy face—light-flasher—breaking through the blue  
Unbroken stillness of the dawning hour ;  
But not the less thy gentle light will shower  
Its beauty on my grave when I shall rest  
With quiet brain upon the earth's cold breast.

## THE SABBATH MORN.

THE sacred quiet of the sabbath morn  
Glides o'er my heart, like music gently stealing  
Into some mourner's breast which hath been torn  
With deepest grief, but now is slowly healing;  
Note upon note a holier joy revealing,  
Till a new being at the close seems born.  
E'en so to me this calm and holy morning,  
" I feel a music which no ear can measure,  
And a fair beauty which no eye can see ;"  
I know that peace is more than earthly treasure,  
For love and peace will form eternity.  
The birds sing holier songs, as tho' the power  
That spreads a quiet over shore and sea,  
Whispered to them, that, at this sacred hour,  
They should trill forth a sweeter melody.  
And would man quell the passions in his breast,  
He too would share this Paradise of rest ;  
But this dark world of flesh must pass away,  
Ere we shall feel the Eternal Sabbath Day.

## A FRAGMENT.

ONE summer's eve when lingering twilight seemed  
 All loth to leave so calm—so fair a scene,  
 I sat within the porch of Ashtead church :  
 And as I gazed upon the mounded earth,  
 'Neath which reposed the mouldering forms of those  
 Who oft perchance had trod the very spot  
 Where now they slumbered—or had even sat  
 Within the humble porch—sad thoughts arose  
 And glided in my soul, like to wan ghosts  
 Silently stealing from their quiet tombs,  
 As tho' they fear'd to rouse the sullen owl  
 Or wake the slumbering bat : and these sad thoughts  
 Came deeper o'er my spirit, as the shades  
 Of evening o'er the earth, until my soul  
 Seemed as the shrine of sorrow and deep awe.  
 There is a majesty in grief which bends  
 All feelings to itself, like Joseph's sheaf.  
 Then all the world was blotted from my heart,  
 I felt the Passions die, and Feeling rise  
 As a pure spirit from its bonds of flesh.  
 The vile pollutions of the sinful earth  
 Fell from my being, and my spirit soared

Like to the bird whose wings before were bound  
By heavy chains, which would not let him spring  
Into his native element—so seemed I  
Another creature. All the bonds of clay  
And the misleading senses were dissolved;  
And things which were impalpable before  
To outward vision, now became distinct  
And tangible to hearing, sight, and touch.  
Then Nature's wonders burst upon my mind  
Like to a heavenly landscape, that before  
The funeral curtains of the night had veiled ;  
But now I saw with eyes inscrutable  
The air was painted with divinest shapes  
Of spiritual beings ; heavenly sounds  
Floated around me ; e'en the simplest flower,  
The meanest insect, and the waving trees—  
All that had life or motion was instinct  
With untaught prayer and thanksgiving to God.  
Man seemed alone to be the only thing  
Who walked the earth forgetful of his God :  
He will not join with Nature in the full  
And glorious chorus which she ever pours.  
O who can gaze on Nature, and not long,  
To mix his being with her elements ;  
E'en, as a viewless wind to roam the world  
And fan the lofty mountain's fev'rish brow,

When basking in the sun's meridian rays ?  
Or swell the canvas of the homeward barque,  
Which bears a husband to his sorrowing wife,  
Who sits and counts the minutes as they crawl ?

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## A FRAGMENT.

O SPEECH it is a wondrous thing,  
As beautiful as strong,  
It clotheth every living thought  
In the melody of song.

'Tis as the blessed light from heaven  
Upon the hills and streams,  
It does not *make* them—but they owe  
Their beauty to its beams.

In vain the bending skies would hang  
Enamoured o'er the Earth,  
Which looketh up with looks of love,  
Too fond for even mirth.

And even thus the glorious mind  
Would brood o'er chaos thought,  
Had not the light of speech sprang forth  
And love and music wrought.

*Das* ~~Die~~ Vaterland.

WHERE is the German's Fatherland?  
 Suabia, Prussia, which of these?  
 Is it where the purple vine  
 Blossoms on the beauteous Rhine?  
 Is it where the seagulls rest  
 Their bosoms on the Baltic's breast?  
 No: ah no! 'tis none of these.  
 Greater far his Fatherland.

Where is the German's native land?  
 Bavaria, Illyria—which of these?  
 Tell me, tell me, does it lie  
 Beneath the fair Westphalian sky?  
 Is it in the gloomy mine,  
 Where the gold and iron shine?  
 No: ah no! 'tis none of these,  
 Nobler is the Fatherland.



Where is the German's Fatherland ?

Pomerania ; is it here ?

Is it where the flying sand,

Windblown, ranges o'er the land ?

Is it where the roaring river

Of the Danube rolls for ever ?

No : ah no ! it is not these.

Greater is the Fatherland !

Where is the German's native home ?

Name to me the glorious land.

Is it where the freeborn Swiss

Roam in plenty ? Is it this ?

Or where the gay Tyroleans dwell ?

Tho' land and people please me well,

Yet no : yet no ! 'tis none of these.

Nobler is his native land !

Where is the German's Fatherland ?

Breathe to me the glorious name ?

Is it Austria, fair and bright,

Rich in honours, great in fight,

And where love and music roll

All their witchery o'er the soul ?

No : ah no ! it is not there.

Greater is the Fatherland !

Where is the German's Father-Home ?  
 Name to me the glorious realm.  
 Is it the ill-fated land  
 Snatched by Gallia's treacherous hand,—  
 Robber of a nation's right  
 By the villany of might ?  
     No : ah no ! it is not here.  
     Nobler is the Father-Home !

Where is the German's Fatherland ?  
 Breathe that spirit-stirring spell.  
 Where'er a German's freeborn speech  
 Is uttered, or where it can reach :  
 Where'er by German's pious tongue  
 The grateful hymn to God is sung.  
     'Tis there ! 'tis there ! hail, land divine !  
     That, brave German, that call thine.

There is the German's Fatherland,  
 Where vows are pledged, yea—hand in hand ;  
 Where truth and freedom light the eye,  
 And love is pure fidelity.  
     'Tis that ! 'tis that ! hail, land divine !  
     That, brave German, that call thine.

That is the German's native home,  
 Where warm sincerity is known ;

Where ne'er is heard a foreign tone ;  
 Where every cold unfeeling heart  
 Is bidden as a foe depart ;  
 Where every warm and noble mind  
 Is as a friend by Heaven assigned  
 To share our joy and ease our strife,  
 The ebb and flow of human life.

'Tis there ! 'tis there ! land of the Free !  
 It shall be *all—all* Germany !

The whole of Germany shall be  
 Our Fatherland ; it shall be free.  
 O God of Heaven, enthroned above,  
 Bless it with thy benignant love !  
 With German valour, German truth,  
 Fill every soul—and fire our youth,  
 That every harp and tongue shall tell  
 They served it faithfully and well.

'Tis here ! 'tis here ! land of the free !  
 It shall be *all—all* Germany.

## THE FIRST BREATH OF SPRING.

THERE are voices in heaven, and voices on earth,  
And some call to sorrow and some call to mirth—  
But death breathes a whisper thro' all from our birth.

There 's a voice in the city, a voice in the waste,  
From the full rush of life, from the ruin defaced—  
In midnight's deep silence a murmur is placed.

There 's the voice of the trumpet, the clarion shrill,  
And *who*' hears, but feels in the answering thrill,  
That the stream of his life rose from warrior rill?

There 's a voice in the field, when the battle is o'er ;  
A voice of last groans and of slow-ebbing gore,  
And the drum's muffled roll, that is answered no more.

There 's a voice of distress, a cry in the land ;  
And it speaks to the Christian his father's command,  
“ From a brother in sorrow withdraw not thy hand.”

And Joy has its voice, on the bright holiday,  
 When old and young answer "We come forth to play;  
 Our toil is forgotten, from toil we 're away."

And the gold-waving harvest a glad voice can raise,  
 Whilst earth shouts an answer of gladness and praise,  
 "O God, thou art bounteous in all thy ways."

There are voices from heaven and voices from earth,  
 And man answers still in sorrow or mirth :  
 But Death has his whisper to each from his birth.

E'en the first softened breeze that sweeps the glad sky,  
 When spring just begins her fair garlands to tie,—  
*That* speaks to the heart, and the heart breathes a sigh.

It comes as it came, when the bright eye cast round,  
 The dear smile of friendship so constantly found,  
 Or exchanged the stolen glance that made the heart bound.

It comes as it came, the pure breath of spring—  
 Soft, buoyant and glad, as the bird's tender wing  
 When it leaves the dull nest to soar and to sing.

It comes as it came;—but the virtuous, the brave,  
 The beloved, that I knew when it first pleasure gave,  
 They are gone, and it whispers, "I breathe o'er their grave."

*X It comes as it came, in the days of our youth,  
 Before love, of our hopes, when romance  
 was all truth,—  
 And all truth can urge, "cautious  
 nonsense, for sooth"*

## BALLAD.

- “ O LADY, say but one gentle word,  
Or bow but that lovely head;  
And to-night at thy casement will I be found,  
And will bear thee, when all shall be hushed around,  
To the friar who will us wed.
- “ Hast thou not owned that thy heart is mine,  
And wilt thou but give thy hand,  
Thou shalt bless for ever the midnight hour  
That saw thee depart to thy true love's bower,  
Tho' humble his state and land.
- “ I have wooed thee long tho' thy mother has frowned,  
And thy father abused me sore ;  
And long had I loved, e'er I dared to impart  
That thou wast the hope, the sweet heart of my heart,  
The blessing all blessings before.

“ O yield thee, fair Agnes, thy father did say  
    My poverty made him refuse ;  
And despite of the wrath in thy proud mother’s  
    eyne,  
She owned that had jewels and gold been mine,  
    No other for thee would she choose.

“ Then, lady, say but one gentle word,  
    Or bow but that lovely head ;  
And to-night at thy casement will I be found,  
And will bear thee, when all shall be silent around,  
    To the friar who will us wed.”

“ Sir knight,” said the lady, “ thou counsel’st me  
    ill ;  
    I cannot away with thee ;  
For tho’ I love better thy humble bower  
Than stateliest castle or princely dower,  
    My virtue is dearer to me.

“ Thy wife would I be in homeliest garb,  
    And for thee would I toil and spin ;  
And glad would I live on the coarsest fare  
If only thy love and thy smiles were there ; . . .  
    But I cannot be happy and sin.

- “ Let us wait till my father will list to thy suit,  
Or my lady mother relent ;  
Some happier hour for us may be born,—  
But ah, if we still must have reason to mourn,  
No cause let us have to repent.
- “ No other knight shall receive my vows,  
Whilst thou keepest love and life ;  
And tho’ wrongly and vainly this day thou may’st  
sue,  
O deem that the maid to her parents so true  
Will make thee a faithful wife.
- “ Go where thine honour most loudly calls,  
Tho’ far it must lead thee away ;  
For God, for thy country, be drawn thy good sword,  
As a knight who is true to his lady and word ;—  
For *me* — I will go and pray !”
- “ To what saint,” quoth the knight, “ canst thou offer  
a prayer,  
So much of a saint as thou ?  
I go, but my heart will e’er be thy shrine,  
And on none but that faire and dear hand of thine,  
Shall my lips ever breathe a vow.”



The knight he has taken a long embrace,  
As he bade Lady Agnes farewell ;  
And quickly did heave her gentle breast,  
As in love and in sorrow to his 'twas prest,  
And quickly the sad tears fell.

And when he had mounted his trusty steed,  
And was gone from his lady's sight ;  
Long, long did she gaze where her lover had been ;  
And many a tear she let fall unseen,  
And short was her sleep that night.

Yet was there solace with sadness mixed,  
And a smile would yet follow each tear ;  
For she trusted in Him who no trust deceives,  
Who hallows all joy, and all sorrow relieves  
And who watches o'er all we hold dear.

And calmly she looked in her father's face,  
Or stood at her mother's side ;  
And happy she felt when her duteous cares,  
Made them call her the joy of their silver hairs,  
That she had no error to hide.

And well did she feel the Lord can requite.  
As tidings and travellers tell,

That her own knight is famous in field and in hall,  
And in battle and siege and counsel—in all  
Sir Eyrick had quitted him well.

Ah, sweeter than all save his present smile,  
Was the sound of his distant fame ;  
And no doubt ever shadowed his loved idea,  
She felt her *own* truth, and how could she fear  
That *his* should not be the same.

And she said in her heart, as it followed him far,  
And fancy viewed all he might see,  
“He will meet with more wealthy, will look on more fair,  
Brighter charms—to which mine I should vainly compare,  
But on none who can love like me.”

## PART THE SECOND.

THERE is justice in heaven, and justice on earth.  
God's children with pleasures are blest ;  
There are *moments* of bliss, tho' they vanish away,  
But O there *is* rapture so deep whilst they stay,  
As if Joy in our hearts had found rest.

But it resteth not;—that our rest in heaven  
 On *earth* may not be forgot;  
 For the joy that is formed of kindness and love  
 Is the heaven of earth;—should we prize it above,  
 How bitter would be our lot!

There were moments of bliss for Sir Eyrick's bride,  
 There were moments of bliss for her knight;  
 They were their's, the glad pulses of health and of youth,  
 They lived in the light of their virtue and truth,  
 They lived in their Maker's light.

And they *knew* that their cup of blessings was full,  
 And praised Him who made them blest:  
 And sweet Agnes would whisper, unconscious of ill,  
 "I am happy: O can I be happier still,  
 When our *babie* is at my breast?"

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Woe! woe! for the hopes and the pleasures of earth.  
 Woe! woe! for its love so dear.—  
 O look ye to Heaven for comfort and rest.  
 Sweet Agnes' fair image is laid on her breast,  
 And Agnes is laid on her bier.

Woe ! woe ! for the hopes and the pleasures of earth,  
Grief, anguish, and heart-rending care ;  
For Joy's shining morn there is Sorrow's dark night ;  
For the loved one—a corpse he must hide from his sight,  
But *not* for the *Christian despair*.

Woe ! woe ! for the joys that will never return,  
For the thought of each rapture past ;  
For the meek pious words that the sufferer said,  
For the prayers that had hallowed her dying bed,—  
For the *first* kiss of love and the *last*.

But joy in the thought of the love and the truth  
That had lived to this parting hour ;  
In the trust, and the honour and purity,  
That had hung o'er their home like the cloudless sky ;  
O'er *that* Death can have no power.

And joy in the thought of the Saviour's might,  
For those in their Saviour who trust ;  
For the bright, bright world where we meet again,  
Where no sorrow shall be, no sin and no pain.  
Yes, *joy* from this lifeless dust.

And joy in the close of each lonely year,  
That leads to the ~~life~~ life to come ;

In the life that is spent to her mem'ry so dear ;  
In tears, yet in drying another's tear ;  
    In the virtues that hallow her tomb.

And peace for the hour when Sir Eyrick is laid  
    By her whom he loved so well ;  
And the cold marble forms that are sculptured there,  
And their hands that are clasped together in prayer,  
    Of heaven and its peace seem to tell.

And if any who know not *that* peace, demand  
    What reward to their virtue was given ;  
O practise that virtue, and learn by its worth  
That, even in woe, they were blessed *on Earth*,  
    And are blessed for ever *in Heaven*.

## STANZAS.

“ All things perish, save Virtue.”

“ SWEET Morn — so cool, so calm, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and sky,  
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,  
For thou must die.”

Sweet Rose — whose fragrance now I crave  
To glad my sense and joy mine eye,  
Thy root is ever in its grave,  
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring — so full of shine and showers,  
It makes the weary spirit sigh,  
To think, with all thy herbs and flowers,  
That thou must die.

Sweet Music — e'en the lovely song  
Which from my harp in window nigh,  
Is floating on the breeze along,  
E'en thou must die.

And all the bright and glistening train  
Of stars, that stud the deep blue sky,  
Must they all perish—none remain  
To glad the eye ?

And vales and fields, and rushing streams,  
And mountains that invade the sky,  
Are they as baseless as our dreams ?  
And must they die ?

And all that 's beautiful and fair  
On Nature's face, Love's melody,  
That makes sweet music of the air,  
All—all must die.

And man, frail form of senseless clay,  
Tho' now his glance is proud and high,  
Perchance upon this passing day,  
He too may die ?

But the bright soul?—*That*, shrined within,—  
The quenchless light in mortal form,—  
Tho' dimmed by misery and sin,  
Defies the worm.

When all the stars shall fade away,  
And suns in their own blaze expire,  
And trackless comets cease to stray  
With wand'ring fire,

The soul shall ever live, nor know  
The lapse of time, but dwell on high,  
And share, in endless joy or woe,  
Eternity.

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#### THE MORNING STAR.

My heart was dark and desolate,  
And sorrow dwelt its lonesome mate,  
When o'er the Eastern hills, afar,  
My soul discerned a beauteous star.  
It seemed a symbol of the night,  
I found it heralded the light:  
Faint ruddy gleams first streak the sky:  
At length arose Day's glorious eye.  
I saw that bright star fade away  
And mingle in the light of day:



Then all around was bright and fair,  
And music seemed the soul of Air.  
The glorious landscape slept around.  
The rocks, which erst drear horror frown'd,  
Now added beauty to the scene,  
And flung a shade on meadows green,  
'Neath which the weary limbs might lay  
Secure against the heat of day.

Prayer is the spirit's Morning Star  
That speaks salvation from afar,  
Sure herald of the coming ray,  
"Which shineth to the perfect day."  
Then darts away Sin's gloomy night,  
Quick as God's word, "Let there be light!"  
Then all is beautiful and clear.  
The rocks of life—our trials here—  
But add a beauty to the span  
Which maketh up the days of man,  
And shade us from the blazing eye  
Of the false world's idolatry.  
Then prayer, that star of brightest ray  
Which heralds in the "undying day,"  
Fades 'mid salvation's deathless rays,  
And mingles with the light of praise.

## THE OLD BEGGAR.

THERE was an old and wretched man,  
Who swept a crossing, where  
It was my wont each morn to pass  
In weather foul or fair ?

He seemed so bowed with wretchedness,  
I thought, as I passed by,  
That it must be a pleasant thing  
For such a man to die.

For in the rain, or scorching sun,  
In winds both cold and keen,  
With head all bare and naked feet,  
This wretched man was seen.

He was so very wan and cold  
That as I nearer drew,  
Each morn and night, to where he stood,  
A sadness pierced me through.

And if I chanced to catch his look  
From eyes so sunk and pale,—  
I never read in any book  
So piteous a tale.

And then again I inly said,  
As I was passing by,  
“Great God, O what a joyful thing  
For such a man to die!”

It was upon that happy morn  
When Sabbath bells do ring;  
And call us all both old and young  
To praise our Heavenly King,

That, as with contrite heart and soul,  
To prayer I slowly trod,  
This wretched man was also bent  
To go and praise his God.

But what a change!—His face was gay,  
And he was cleaner drest;  
His eye shone bright with cheerfulness,  
He seemed so truly blest.

It was my chance that morn to stand  
Near him in the church aisle,  
And at each pause to hear his voice,  
And see his happy smile.

His voice was full of thankfulness,  
Of prayer—and peace—and joy,  
And in his eye I saw the hope  
This world cannot destroy.

And as I heard him pray and sing,  
I thought, with tearful eye,  
“Great God, O what a joyful thing  
For such a man to die!”

## THE HILLS.

## I.

THE Hills! the Hills! the everlasting Hills !  
High towers of Earth yet stretching towards the skies ;  
First lighted beacons of the Sun, that fills  
The world, aye telling that his beams arise ;  
Aeries to which the wearied spirit flies ;  
Pure regions of the fresh untainted gale ;  
Type of the Heaven to which I raise mine eyes,  
When Earth and earth-born pleasures fade and fail ;  
Companions of the clouds, and shelterers of the vale.

## II,

The Hills! the Hills! the ever snow-clad Hills!  
 The first to own each influence of Heaven;  
 Deep treasures of the pure translucent rills,  
 That to man's health and gladness have been given.  
 Dark nurses of the earthquake that has riven  
 The proudest mole-hill palaces of man,  
 When his weak might with Time itself hath striven,  
 And vainly made Eternity his plan;  
*Ye stand as ye have stood since first the world began.*

## III.

The Hills! the Hills! the freedom-breathing Hills  
 Mothers and nourishers of glorious deed;  
 Inspirers of the patriot's love that fills  
 The heart, and makes his common thoughts the seed  
 Of acts the slave will tremble but to read.  
 For still the mountain-born at Freedom's shrine  
 (Freedom that dwells not on Italian mead),  
 Lips his first prayer. Freedom! the Hills are thine!  
*Upon their brow thou stand'st, the deathless and divine!*

## IV.

The Hills ! the Hills ! the firm and steadfast Hills !  
E'en now the homes of Friendship, Truth, and Love ;  
And Virtue rolling down the heavy ills,  
Of Vice, that ever to the plains must move—  
“ *The cities of the plain* ”—that still approve  
God's judgment just, when Sodom was laid low,  
Sink of base minds that raise no thought above ;—  
Upon the Hills ! the Hills ! the Virtues glow,  
While still infest the plains, Vice, Luxury, and Woe.

## V.

The Hills ! the Hills ! the high and holy Hills !  
From ye the Almighty to the sage of old  
Gave forth those wondrous tablets. He that fills  
Earth—Ocean—Heaven—Him did ye behold!  
Sole awful witnesses, as, slow unrolled,  
His softened glories passed the prophet's eyes,  
High holy mountains ! O what sights untold  
Have ye not seen, calm gazers on the skies,  
Enthroned amid the clouds, and crowned with mysteries ?

## VI.

The Hills! the Hills! the ever-blessed Hills!  
 'Twas to your lone and rugged breast, the Lord,  
 Who now again his Father's bosom fills,  
 Went in the silent midnight to record  
 His love for man—for sins that he abhorred—  
 'Twas here he died: upon the hallowed sod  
 Fell his last pard'ning prayer—and ere he soared  
 To share for ever the high throne of God,  
 Yours were the latest steps the blessed Saviour trod.

## VII.

The Hills! the Hills! emblems of holier hills,  
*Not* to be moved when ye on earth must fade,  
 E'en as the mists now hovering o'er the rills;  
 When Heaven and Earth—*all* save the words he said  
 Shall pass away—*then*, conquerors undismayed,  
 The saints, that in your clefts once cherished pure  
 Their sore-tried faith, upon the heights arrayed,  
 Once more shall stand—*thence* sky-ward rise—secure.  
 'Midst the dread crash of worlds,—the Hills! the Hills!  
 endure.



“ DIVINE LOVE.”

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“ Then Jesus beholding him loved him, and said unto him, One thing thou lackest : go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven ; and come, take up the cross, and follow me. And he was sad at that saying, and went away grieved.”

Mark x, 21, 22.

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ALAS ! that one whom Jesus saw and loved,  
 And yearned to make his follower and friend—  
 One who in virtue's path so nearly moved,  
 And knew at virtue's holiest shrine to bend,—  
 That *he* should e'er draw back, abashed, reproved,  
 But uncorrected, and, too lavish, spend  
 His ~~his~~ wealth and powers on earth, <sup>that</sup> ~~whom~~ favoring Heaven <sup>that</sup>  
 Asked but to save the treasures it had given !

And, if our mortal thought may dare to look  
 Into the breast of spotless Purity,  
 Following feebly where the Blessed Book  
 Leads us to high and holy mystery,  
 How often the mild Saviour, when He took  
 Each human sorrow and each sympathy  
 Into His glorious being, must have known  
 Those whom *almost* He could have called His own!

He who ~~can~~<sup>could</sup> read the secret of all hearts,  
 And feel each mortal craving and desire ;  
 Who best could know the bliss that Love imparts,  
 As *primal* fount of that celestial fire ;  
 He who could pierce beneath the subtle ~~parts~~  
 That false and fading Friendship can inspire ;  
 How often must His pure and righteous soul  
 Have mourned the plague-spot poisoning the whole!

Yet did He choose Him *friends*, nor did He spurn  
 Their feeble love, because that love was weak ;  
 His prescience did their after-truth discern,  
 His lip indulgent comfort deigned to speak ;  
 When their faint hearts from Him would basely turn,  
 He did not strive nor cry ; his accents meek  
 Told His soul's heaviness ; and when they *fled*,  
 Great God ! 'twas then thy drops of blood were shed.

He who had taken from that bounteous hand  
The morsel kindly shared, *he* went and sold  
His Lord and Master ! *He* who vowed to stand  
Firm to the Death the thrice-heard note hath told  
Of *his* defection. He who could command  
The Saviour's bosom as his rest.... Behold !  
Of *all* that *He* hath loved there is not *one* !  
All trembling stand aloof. He dies alone !

But O, Thou Framer of the human breast,  
Inspirer of the high and holy mind  
Of Love, that fiercest torture could not wrest  
From the beloved one, tho' he were consigned  
To shame or death,—Thou that *couldst* choose the best !  
O wherefore didst Thou *not* these nobler find ?—  
Why not, on Earth, thy life and love impart  
To those whose truth was “after Thine own heart?”

Why, when the pulses of thy mortal frame  
Throbbed for a mortal breast whereon to lay  
Thy sacred uncrowned head,—O wherefore came,  
Of all the human souls that own thy sway,  
None whose true life might breathe that holy name  
That sheds on sorrow's night the glow of day?  
Why hadst Thou not a *friend* who would have cared  
For all thy care, and even Death have shared?

Thou that canst read the secret of the soul,  
*Thou knowest* Friendship is no idle sound ;  
 Thou knowest years of trial vainly roll  
 Over such hearts of truth, as may be found  
 Even on Earth ;—Thou that canst see the whole  
 Of life's sad desert—this its holy ground,  
 Rose it not brightly to thy tearful eye,  
 And couldst Thou, blessed Pilgrim, pass it by ?

Was it, Thou destined Lamb of God, ordained  
 Before the Earth had sinned, her sins to bear,  
 To lave in thy heart's blood the sinner stained  
 With spot of earthly love and earthly care,  
 That the full cup of woe had not been drained  
 Had friendship claimed the privilege to share ;  
 Or that affection fervent, pure like this,

~~Had charmed the bitter chalice into bliss ?~~

*Had in that bitter cup infused some  
 drops of bliss*

Or was it, holy Friend of all mankind—  
 Friend of the friendless, of the sinner lost  
 Almost to human feeling, and consigned  
 To lone remorse by the self-righteous host  
 Of judging sinners—that thy steadfast mind  
 Purposed to ransom *all* at such high cost ;  
 Shunned the communion of such righteous *one*,  
 Lest the beloved one should be loved alone ?

O Thou, the Christian's pattern, sent to those  
 Who, like their Master, bear the heaviest cross—  
 Who claim of Earth's inheritance her woes,  
 And count her richest gains to be but loss,  
 That they may rise to Heaven as he arose !—  
 When storms arise, and cruel tempests toss,  
 And they are lonely upon life's dark sea,  
 The *Christian* feels 'twas lone and dark to Thee.

And when our mortal nature yearns to feel  
 The answering throb of a devoted breast—  
 The one fond heart our woes might soothe or heal—  
 The sympathy would make our bliss more blest—  
 When our own ~~hearts~~<sup>immortal</sup> hearts to us reveal  
 The truth and love on which we long to rest,  
 And yet of all that look and pass us by,  
 He passeth not for whom our bosoms sigh—

When some, who, lingering in love, appear  
 From Friendship's holy shrine to be not far,  
 And yet may never enter, tho' so near—  
 When others brightly shine as falling star  
 To expire as soon—and some we could revere  
 Betray the hidden vices that can mar  
 Virtue's own form—when all we hoped is not,—  
 Jesus ! we feel we only share thy lot.

And, following thy footsteps, we repair  
E'en with the void no earthly friend may fill,  
To Him who makes that void his dearest care,—  
To Him, who can alone the heart-pulse still  
That he hath taught to beat.—In secret prayer  
To Him our hearts are given—and, answering, thrill  
The tokens of His love, as low we bend,  
And know thro' endless time our God shall be our  
Friend—

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## NIGHT AND DAY.

## I.

Now the Young Night divine ♣  
Hath crowned the dying day  
With throbbing stars of light,  
And beneath the pale moonshine,  
She slowly bends her way }  
To meet the morrow bright,  
Doffing, as she nears the dawn,  
Her spangled vest, and gradually  
She putteth on a purple sky  
To meet the dew-lipped Morn.

## II.

There is the harbinger of Day,  
Bright Phosphor! O'er the Eastern throne  
He pauses to announce his King—  
He shineth now with dimmer ray,  
And sees, and O he sees alone,  
The God of Light come triumphing.

Day has caught the dying Night,  
And o'er her pale and moon-cold brow,  
He bends in silent love to throw  
His mantle of the rich sunlight.

## III.

Night glorifies departing Day—  
The morrow folds in her blue shroud  
The Night, which totters to the brink  
Of a new morn, then dies away—  
Dying upon some crimson cloud—  
How softly the light flushes sink  
From the still clouds that darker low'r ;  
Till gathering on the mountain's brow  
Stern diadems of horror grow  
To gloom the midnight hour.

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## LINES WRITTEN IN ASHTEAD CHURCH YARD.

THEY sleep—the green turf wraps them round,  
 The turf is green throughout the year,  
 And violets grow upon each mound  
 To tell us spring is here.

Yet vain to those who rest below  
 The hills rejoicing in the spring,  
 And silent all to them the flow  
 Of rivers murmuring.

The early lark for them no more,  
 Shall open morning with her song,  
 Teaching to all great Nature's lore—  
 To weak and strong—

To rise up heavenward from the spot,  
 Which God has made our earthly home,  
 Never to leave one tie forgot,  
 Nor wish to roam.

But ever on the unchanging sky  
 To fix the soul—the mind—the heart,  
 And, when it is our time to die,  
 With joy depart.

To ——.

SING, Minstrel, sing that song again,  
For a sweet dream of joyaunce gone,  
Revives once more in heart and brain  
And lives in every warbled tone,  
It lives with all its byegone fears,  
Its trembling hopes and smiles and tears.

'Tis thus, they say in poesie,  
That the fond tuneful Orpheus led  
His own beloved Eurydice  
From the drear mansions of the dead:  
Awaked to life and love again  
By the strong magic of his strain.

## TO MY GODCHILD,

C. M. S.

CLARA, my spiritual child: a prayer,  
 Framed in the blessedness of Sabbath hour,  
 I breathe for thee. It is not for a dower  
 Of rank or potent wealth, or genius rare:  
 Nor would I have thy form or face too fair,  
 For beauty is a gift of fatal power,  
 The fruitful source of many a bitter shower  
 Of tears that end in madness and despair.  
 Far other gifts I supplicate for thee,—  
 A heart which sanctifies the daily way  
 Of human life; a spirit meek yet free—  
 Like to the waters of a quiet bay,  
 Which have the strength and freshness of the sea,  
 On whose transparent breast serenely lie  
 Mirrored the splendours of the lofty sky;—  
 So may the glories of thy future state  
 Be dimly shadowed on thy mortal fate,  
 In the deep Sabbath calm of sainted charity.

TO ———

LADY! I mourn not that my days are spent  
In the drear town, where sea nor mountain air  
Comes not, nor morning's breath so fresh and fair—  
But rather I rejoice that meek content  
Mantles my spirit wheresoe'er 'tis pent,  
And that the inner feelings are as sweet  
As tho' I wandered with far-straying feet  
O'er grassy meads, or mountains high and hoary,  
With streams of murmuring spring-rills flowing near;  
Tho' far away—those glorious sounds I hear  
Which breathe o'er life its loveliness and glory—  
E'en as the Bard who sang the Holy City  
Rescued from thrall—tho' in a prison drear  
Without one human heart to love or pity—  
Had visions for his sight, sweet music for his ear.

## SYMPATHY.

I KNEW your sister! her soft voice e'en yet  
Is lingering on mine ear; and memory  
Brings her fair form as present to the eye.  
The dead sleep on—the living ne'er forget,  
But oft in after years the cheeks are wet  
With fresh-wept tears for those who silent lie.  
All things around conspire to wake the sigh  
And fill the musing heart with fond regret.  
The common fields and flowers—the steadfast sky—  
The fleeting clouds—all speak of perished years!  
For one long dead these tears of sorrow flow;  
And yet a hope amid my sadness cheers,  
Haply when I am laid in silence low,  
Some thoughtful Soul will think on me with tears.

## TO A FAIR COUSIN.

LADY! I've watched thee from thine infant years,  
And seen thee as a bud expand, till now  
The pride of womanhood is on thy brow—  
Yet in that pride no haughtiness appears,  
But a meek consciousness of maiden power.  
Rightly thou deemest virtue is a dower  
More to be prized than rank or golden treasure.  
Cherish that sacred gift ; that every hour  
Still left thee be as cheerful and serene,  
As now thy present is—thy past hath been ;  
For thou hast bloomed beneath a mother's eye,  
Whose wondrous love for thee no thought can measure ;  
And thou hast felt o'er every youthful pleasure,  
A father's presence shed its sanctity.

## SAINT. STEPHEN.

It is a cheering thing, Great God, to hear  
How the first martyr bore that ruthless deed,  
Which from the flesh his gentle spirit freed  
And gave it unto thee. The lesson's clear,  
And teaches when the dark world's spite and wrong  
Dashes its wrath against the steadfast mind  
Of the meek Christian, he in faith more strong  
Than rocks amid the shifting waves, can find  
A rapture in the agonies which wrest  
His spirit from its prison. And he feels,  
A glowing joy which language not reveals,—  
Yea, in his dying pangs more sweetly blest  
Than poets in their dreams ; for as Earth dies  
On his rapt sight, Heaven opens on his eyes.

## CONSCIENCE.

THE mind is its own Heaven, or Hell—within  
Play the soft airs of peace, or rave the blasts of sin.  
What tho' the body writhe in fiercest pain,  
And tides of torture throb in every vein,  
Still if within remain the conscience void  
Of wilful sin,—say is not all enjoy'd ?  
Throned on the rock of Faith, the Christian soul  
Heeds not the storms that round the basement roll,  
But with meek confidence, and glowing heart  
Awaits that moment when the Angel Death  
Loosens the chains of flesh, and bids depart  
All earthly sorrow with the earthly breath ;  
Then into life the undying Spirit springs,  
Borne to the Throne of God by radiant Seraph wings.



## THE POET AND HIS BRETHREN.

"TAKE hence the world," said Sovran Jove  
 To mortals, from his lofty height,  
 "She shall be yours." A fairer gift  
 Ne'er blessed the human sight.  
 Launched from the great Creator's hand,  
 The pond'rous globe was swung on high,  
 And, cloth'd with vernal glory, took  
 Its orbit in the sky.

"The world is yours ! ye living men,  
 Without reserve do I impart,  
 Therefore the same among yourselves  
 Share with a brother's heart."  
 Forth rushed them all—both old and young—  
 The farmer seized the fruitful field,  
 While the proud Squire the forests claimed,  
 And all their coverts yield.

The plodding tradesman took the stores,  
 And cried "These warehouses are mine"—  
 The jolly abbot laid his hands  
 On venison and on wine.

Then came the king : with lofty gates  
He barred the roads and bridges too,  
And said, " I must be paid for these ;  
A Tenth to me is due !"

Long after, when the whole was shared,  
From distant clime the Poet came ;  
All had its Lord—there was no spot  
The hapless bard could claim.  
" O woe is me !" the Poet cried,  
" Shall I forgotten be alone,  
I thy most faithful Son ;" and straight  
Fell at Jove's awful throne.

" If in the lands of shadowy dreams,  
Thou musing stayed," the God replied,  
" How canst thou blame mankind or me—  
Thou hast thyself to chide.  
Where strayed thy steps when human kind,  
Shared 'mong themselves this Earth so fair ?  
Perchance thou roamed amid the stars  
Seeking thy birthright there ?

“O Sovran Jove,” the Bard rejoined,  
    “To thy bright presence was I near;  
And heaven’s Eternal harmonies  
    Were swelling on mine ear.  
And on the radiance of thy brow  
    My raptured eyes in strongest trance  
Were fixed—nor could I pluck my sight  
    From thy bright countenance.

“Pardon! O pardon! to that soul  
    That, with thy glorious light o’erfraught,  
Lingered among the heavenly groves,  
    Nor earthly treasures sought.”  
Jove beamed a gracious smile, and said,  
    “Since to thy brothers Earth is given,  
Come dwell with me; and from henceforth  
    Thy home shall be in Heaven.”

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## ODE TO THE EARTH.

## I.

EARTH! glorious Earth! calm gazer on the skies!  
Mother of cataracts and crystal springs,  
Upon thy breast the throbbing Ocean lies,  
And the clouds fan thee with their dewy wings!  
Now flushed with sunrise, now o'erfraught with noon  
And her effulgent blaze of solar beam;  
Now gentle twilight is thy dower—  
Anon thy form is steeped in silvery shower  
Of light, sweet offering from the placid moon:  
Now thou art silent as a dream  
In the deep stillness of the starry hour.

## II.

And thou wilt be our Tomb! and therefore Man  
Hath a strong natural longing for the grave,  
Deep yearnings—for thou art his mother Earth—  
Yea! well he feels from thee he had his birth—  
He has been nurtured on thy verdant breast,  
And with a child's strong love, his heart doth crave  
For thy maternal arms, and sighs to be at rest!

O thou hast ever been a bounteous mother ;  
To thee his daily debt is infinite—  
Thou pour'st upon him through each sense,  
Touch—hearing—smell—and sight,  
An everflowing flood of unalloyed delight !  
In every passing sound, he feels  
Some token which its note reveals !  
Some common feeling woven with his frame,  
Till every atom is a part  
Of Soul, endowed with brain and heart,  
Imbibing at each pore a share  
Of Nature's joyaunce, which around  
Is flowing as a part of common air,  
Till it seems thrilling into happy sound.  
He too is grateful for the peaceful sleep,  
Ere from thy quiet womb, great mother Earth,  
He issued into mortal birth.  
Called to this world by some mysterious thrill !  
Ev'n then his infant eyes begin to weep  
For that blest moment, when the Angel Death  
Shall touch his weary form and say, “ Be still ! ”

## III.

Thy crystal fountains gush from silent hills,  
With a sweet silver-tonéd voice, which fills

Some quiet cave, where frolic Echo lingers,  
And dallies with the ripply tone,  
While ever and anon she weaves a song  
With these, and the sweet notes which shepherd's  
    fingers  
Mould with creative breath in simple pipe,  
The admiration of a rustic throng  
Who gather round, for love and dancing ripe !  
And thou hast lofty mountains for thy child,  
To nourish him in high and holy daring,—  
And floral meads in-isled  
In quiet vales, to temper his proud bearing,  
And chasten him, till in his mind,  
Strength, thought—and gentleness combined  
Mould his ethereal spirit,  
Till it is worthy to inherit  
Its wondrous birthright—Endless Being !  
O glorious gift !—O joy unspeakable !  
When the whole Soul is deathless and all-seeing,  
Secure from sense of weariness or change,  
With no sad ling'ring thought of bye-gone Earth,  
As a dark cloud to float in our heart's heaven,  
And intercept the sunlight of our mirth,  
Or fling a shadow o'er the lidless eye ; —  
But all serene with an untiring range

Borne on the wing of strong Eternity,  
Thro' the deep-bosomed realms of space,  
Threading the starry wonders of the sky  
And feeling that its vastness is our Home.

## IV.

Ye mountains! hallowed by the tread  
Of patriot Tell, whose Heaven-directed hand  
Smote the red apple from his infant's head,  
Urged to the deed by Tyrant's foul decree!  
Ye saw him then perform th' Avenger's part,  
And wing with righteous speed to Gesler's heart,  
The arrow ravenous for the monster's blood!  
The crowning deed is done—his Fatherland  
Re-echoes to his voice, "My country now is free!"  
Helvetian Hills! his daily life was spent  
Upon your summits! Ye have seen  
The patriot-hero full of calm content  
Toil thro' the sultry day with soul serene:  
Ye had his parting words—his closing eyes  
Rested on you, ere opening on the skies!  
His bones are in thy dust—O sacred shrine!  
There, Freedom, rear thy brow—the deathless—the  
divine.

## V.

Freedom ! for thee, the hills have ever been  
A refuge when the tempest-roar was loud—  
Oft thou hast fled the madden'd crowd,  
And dwelt beneath their trees of sunlit green !  
Of thee ! and thine  
O Nymph divine,  
Each dell and crag and mountain peak  
Yet in their fond traditions speak—  
The ruined tower—the gloomy cave  
Re-echo still with many a stirring song  
Which in the glorious days of yore  
The martyr-band were wont to pour  
In freeborn utterance strong. †  
Here oft has swelled the dirge o'er hero-grave,  
And here in after years the pilgrim throng  
Have bent their steps and mourned the mighty dead.

## VI.

Freedom is not what restless men devise,  
A fierce virago, ravening for change,  
Such as of late beneath foul Gallia's skies  
Was wont in blood-smeared vest to range !  
With drunken leer, and hideous revelries.



Pouring from lurid lips her flood of hate,  
Of lust, and rage, and loathsome blasphemies !  
Why paused your lightnings, ye insulted skies,  
When the mad Nation danced around  
The shameless Harlot, by its suffrage crowned  
Goddess of Liberty! by crime made great ?

## VII.

Fair Freedom! in thy sacred name,  
What deeds of madness, woe and crime,  
Have stained th' Historic page of Time,  
And dimmed in man's unthinking eyes thy fame !  
But thou for ever art the same,  
Calm—firm—enduring—meek yet strong !  
And with a soul-like and a deep-toned voice  
For ever chaunting the same cheerful song,  
Calling on prostrate nations to rejoice  
In their drear night, and bide that dawning sign,  
The morning star of Truth—which o'er the Hills  
Will soon in glory and deep gladness shine ;  
Then forth the rosy morn, with opening ray,  
Shines more and more unto the perfect day !  
But Goddess, tho' thy soul be meek,  
And steeped in golden-hearted charities,  
Yet there are deadly lightnings in thine eyes,

And thy strong voice can in dread thunders speak !  
 While thy most gentle form, that oft has bound  
 The bleeding bosom of some patriot-saint,  
 And ever at the call of mercy found,  
 Yet has a spirit of a marvellous power—  
 Calm—and undaunted in the trying-hour!  
 Invincible in glorious fortitude!  
 And with a Heart at once to dare and die,  
 Can gaze on Torture with unshrinking eye,  
 By pain—want—treachery—by death e'en unsub-  
                   duced.

## VIII.

Star-girdled Earth ! what scenes untold,  
 Have o'er thy plains and mountains rolled !  
 Such as when Moses upon Pisgah's height  
       With the Eternal in high converse stood ;  
       'Twas not alone on meadow—stream and wood,  
 Nor turrets glittering with morning light !  
 Nor waving cornfields, nor green olive tree—  
       Not upon these alone  
       The prophet's eye was thrown,  
 But all the marvels wrought in after-days,  
 —The wondrous future blazed upon his sight !  
 He saw the Star that hymned a Saviour's birth—  
 The baffled fiend-howl in the desert heard :

He saw the righteous head of Jesus bow,  
With sorrow laden in the garden-scene :  
Beheld the Crown of Thorns that tore his brow  
While the blood trickled down that face serene !  
Then dawned upon his eyes the closing scene of all—  
The Cross was reared upon Mount Calvary ;  
He heard Messiah in his anguish call,  
“ Why hast thou, O my God, forsaken Me ? ”  
Thus, ere the prophet's eyes were closed in night,  
The Manger and the Cross were bared to bless his sight.

## IX.

Star-girdled earth ! how thrilled thy rock-ribbed frame,  
When from the eternal throne  
Where triune Godhead shone,  
The blessed Saviour as an infant came !  
No regal pomp, no earthly pageantries,  
But sweet tones, flowing from the waving wings  
Of radiant angels, filled the skies  
With music sweeter than from fine harp-strings.  
And lo ! behold a new-born star on high  
Tells to the shepherd-sages watching nigh,  
The Prince of Peace is near—the Eternal King of kings !  
How little deemed the myriad throng  
That trod thy plains that solemn night,  
Intent on fraud, or force, or wrong—

Tortured by grief, or joyant with delight ;  
 That He, before whose brightness the flashing stars are  
     dim,  
 Had laid aside his wondrous blaze of glory—  
     Dismissed the warlike Cherubim  
     And holy Seraphim,  
 And made a manger his first dormitory !  
 Oh ! when his infant feet on earth first trod,  
     Sin groaned aloud—Death bowed his grisly head ;  
     Hell's power was shaken, and the ransomed dead  
 Thrilled in the vanquished grave, and recognised their  
     God !

## X.

Star-girdled earth ! how groan'd'st thou in that hour,  
     When on the cross a meek un murmuring man,  
     Midway between two malefactors bled ;  
     And his last words were—" It is finished !"

Straight through thy blood-stained frame,  
     Strong guilty tremors ran ;  
 And the bright sun stood darkened in the sky :  
 At one impetuous stride the giant horror came,  
     While nature writhed in her agony !  
     Slowly from ancient graves  
     Uprose the buried dead ;  
 By thy stern earthquake-pangs disquieted !

Once more the pallid glare  
 Of lightning-gleam laid bare  
 Their shrouded forms as solemnly they trod ;  
 Then nature smote the sky  
 With her remorseful cry,  
 " Yea, of a truth, this was the Son of God !"  
 O who would deem it true—the wondrous story,  
 That He, the King of kings ! the Lord of glory !  
 Would die for man ! torn, agonised, and gory !  
 Singled from the countless train  
 Of shining orbs that gem the azure plain ;  
 For the fulfilment of this marvellous deed,  
 On thy wide breast, O earth, th' Eternal had decreed,  
 That Christ for universal man should bleed !  
 Yet, who can tell but through the boundless sky,  
 To stars remote, untouched by human eye,  
 There pulsed the throbbing of his agony !  
 Stained as thou art with Jesu's blood, O earth,  
 Thou wast the altar where he laid—  
 The Spotless Lamb—and where He made  
 The atonement, and thus ransomed human birth !

## XI.

Star-girdled Earth ! the crowning scene  
 Has yet to dawn upon thy plains ;

When all the buried dead  
Shall once more raise their head,  
Once more in human form and breathing life be seen !  
From every shore where ocean beats ;  
Each spot on which the sunlight shines ;  
From ancient churchyards' still retreats ;  
From great sea-deeps, and from the gloomy mines ;  
Yea, from the clouds and viewless air,  
(For subtle dust—once human life—is there !)  
It comes ! it comes ! as billows by ;  
Ages on ages rushing roll !  
The vision now lives on mine eye,  
And that concluding day is present to my soul !  
The starry systems rest  
On space's silent breast,  
Stopped in their whirling orbits by a word.  
And hark ! the rustling wings  
Of Cherubim and Seraphim  
Proclaim the King of kings.  
And now that awful sound—the trumpet-blast is heard !  
Forth from the countless stars,  
Bursting death's prison bars,  
Unnumbered myriads rise at that awakening sound :  
The glittering orbs have passed ;  
For ever in that blast,  
The strong material world like mist has died away !

Soul-stirring thought, to feel that all  
That ever wore a human form,  
Shall triumph o'er the insatiate worm !  
And be a sharer in this wondrous day—  
A conqueror in this glorious victory !  
It stirs my spirit like a call,  
From God's own voice, to know mine eye  
Will then behold the first of human race !  
Gaze on the Patriarchs, face to face !  
Hold converse with the chief who led  
The tribes of Israel through the riven wave !  
And him, who tasted not the grave,  
But rode in fiery car triumphantly !  
And also him, who from the dead  
Was called by Jesu's voice divine !  
And him, the soul-entranced, who trod  
The star-wrought pavement of the sky,  
And with unquenched eye,  
Gazed on the living God !  
In awful trance his spell-bound soul was brought  
From the recesses of the skies  
Where blazing on the sapphire throne,  
Apparell'd in His trinal mysteries,  
Jehovah reigns alone !  
(He, earth-retained, with light o'erfraught,  
Revealed, in glowing words, a part

Of ecstasies, that e'er informed his heart) ;  
But, holier far than all, the thought  
Of sweet communion with the Man who died  
For me—for all ; that all might be  
Restored to immortality:  
Man saved—and yet Jehovah justified !

## XII.

But ere the dying sun shall rise,  
To gaze his farewell on the skies,  
(Dying to give that morning birth,  
In which thou perishest—O Earth !  
Thou and thy sister stars—that now  
Seem everlasting as they throng  
In living clusters round the brow  
Of night—the solemn queen—in stars and darkness  
strong!)

Ere this shall be, a race shall tread  
Thy plains, far mightier than the dead ;  
Far greater than thy present race,  
Nobler in feature, form, and grace.  
Still in the future lies unrolled  
The age of love, by prophet-bards foretold.



## XIII.

It is a cheering thing to trace  
The triumphs of one human mind,  
The noble works it leaves behind,  
A glory and a blessing to his race.  
O Earth! if every son of thine  
In gentle union would combine  
The mazy paths that lead to knowledge tread—  
Track science to its fountain-head;  
The unknown world of thought explore,  
And where one now ascends, should all thy myriads  
soar —  
Then the great saving faith divine  
In every human heart would shine;  
And all the nations with glad voices sing,  
“ Hosanna to the Lamb! our Saviour and our King !”

TO \* \* \* \*

I.

THEY tell me, lady, that the roseate bloom  
Of thy peerless beauty fades,  
And that the lustrous light,  
Wherewith thine eyes were bright,  
Wanes dim, as though they felt the coming shades  
Of death, whose power will seal them in the tomb.  
O must the glorious stream of thought,  
To richest, rarest music wrought,  
By the sweet magic of thy full-lipped voice—  
O must this die away,  
Like some forgotten lay,  
That once charmed wearied minds, and made sad hearts  
rejoice ?

## II.

Grieve not, dear spirit, that a drear eclipse  
Steals o'er the brightness of the mortal creature,  
And that the ruby pales upon thy lips ;  
I trace a holier grace in every feature !  
And in that fading eye,  
A calmer majesty,  
Which hath its birth-flash in a loftier sphere !  
What though the love-song on thy lip be dumb !  
I hear amid the Babel-roar of life,  
Between the pauses of our mortal strife,  
A voice which breathes of anthems yet to come.  
Therefore, rejoice, as faint decrepitude  
Steals o'er the motion of each feeble limb ;  
As flesh decays, the spirit is renewed,  
And gains in splendor as the world grows dim.  
E'en as the morning star that fainter fades,  
As sunrise nears the kindling earth,  
Till, lost in that surpassing birth,  
It melts away into th' unfading sky !  
So, lady, do thy peerless charms, earth-born,  
Grow dimmer, as the everlasting morn  
Spreads her bright mantle o'er eternity !

## WRITTEN IN THE LAST DAY OF THE YEAR.

ANOTHER year is past, and I am still  
A dweller in the flesh, whose chains will thrall  
The soaring spirit, till life's curtain fall,  
And my tired bones the sacred coffin fill!  
—God speed the time when earth with her sweet  
    flowers,  
Shall cover ashes, that are wont to thrill  
Too tremblingly to human joy and ill!  
Yet deem me not unthankful for the hours  
Of gentle quiet I have tasted here—  
The blessed Sabbath hours! but rather say,  
That I rejoice o'er every passing year,  
As the poor traveller (condemned to roam  
Towards his dwelling through a dreary way)  
Beholds each mile-stone as he travels by,  
With deeper thankfulness of heart and eye,  
He knows they tell him he is nearer home.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE BIBLE OF THE  
AUTHOR'S GOD-CHILD.

CLARA ! my little nursling in the Lord !  
 I feel, when gazing on thy placid brow,  
 No idle form is the baptismal vow ;  
 But one by Jesus and his Father heard ;  
 And well I know, that in th' Eternal Book,  
 By angel pen is written every word !  
 Let me take heed I tremble not to look,  
 When summoned to the awful Judgment Throne,  
 How far the promise and the deed agree !  
 —But near its end my earthly journey draws—  
 And long—aye long—ere thou art maiden grown,  
 I shall have passed away ; yet not will cease  
 The pious love my spirit bears to thee !  
 But in this volume of Jehovah's laws,  
 I call on thee, yea, from the sacred grave,  
 With love's deep-pleading earnest energy !  
 " Be Christ's glad servant, not sin's leprous slave ;  
 So shalt thou find in these thy mortal days,  
 That the meek ways of piety are ways  
 Of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace !"

ON VISITING THE SCHOOL-ROOM OF EARLY  
YOUTH.

WHAT voice was that which made my spirit start?  
The long-past-over feelings of my youth  
Come as a tide returning to my heart,  
Urged by the strong resistlessness of truth.  
Strong magic is at work; for one by one  
My playmates throng around me, and I hear  
Their jocund shoutings full of hope and cheer!  
—I look around me—lo! I am alone—  
The spell is over, and the vision's fled!  
Where are those happy voices? where the forms  
That peopled a thought past my solitude?  
—Go! seek for some among the shrouded dead—  
Some few, perchance, the blood of life yet warms,  
Who o'er their daily wrongs, likeme, may vainly brood!

## SONNET.

THAT touch of human kindness stirred my heart,  
And woke a music on its trembling strings,  
Which, even now, prolongs its murmurings.  
Sighs, smiles, and tears, can all alike impart  
A power to charm us into harmony !  
So that our heart, though nursed in solitude,  
Can feel its share in every human sigh,  
And take its portion of all human mirth ;  
Can look on all things with a loving eye.  
Oh ! kneel and press your bosom to the earth !  
Then gaze and gather glory from the sky,  
Which binds all nature in one holy bond,  
Making all things that are, one brotherhood ;  
And kindling in our hearts a world beyond  
All mortal visioning—in Heaven above ;  
But which we ne'er can reach unless our life be love !











